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RACING THE MOON

JOHN HENRY MEARS

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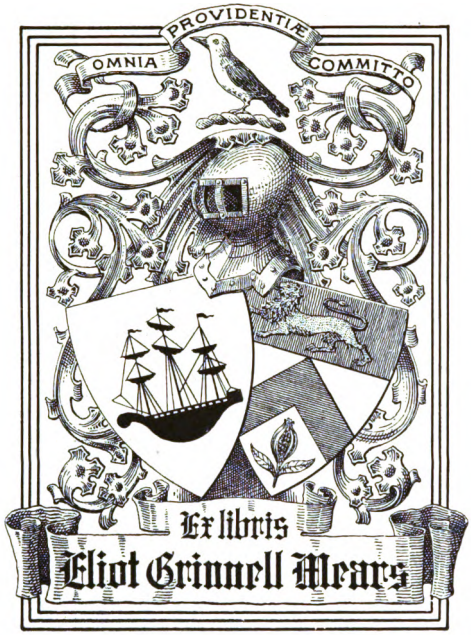

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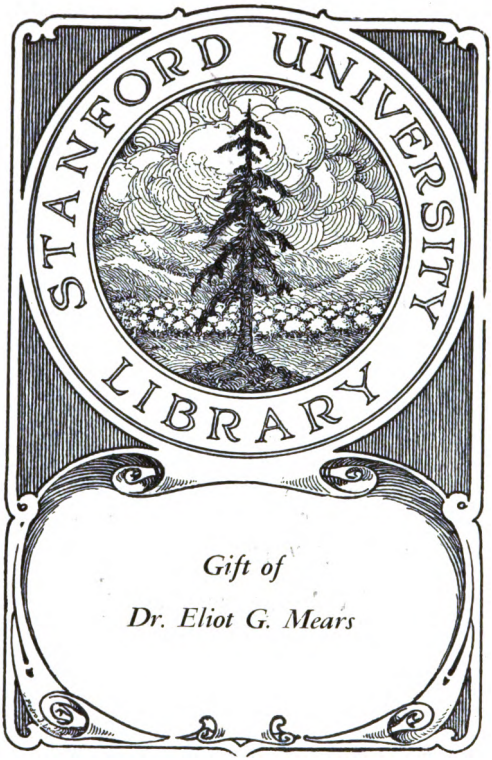

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Mr. Mears (holding Tailwind), Mr. McKee, Acting Mayor of New York, and Captain Collyer.

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RACING THE MOON

(And Winning)

Being the Story of the Swiftest Journey Ever Made, a Circumnavigation of the Globe by Airplane and Steamship in 23 Days, 15 Hours, 21 Minutes and 3 Seconds by Two Men and a Dog

By

JOHN HENRY MEARS

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To

CAPTAIN CHARLES B. D. COLLYER

WHOSE DEATH IS REPORTED AS THIS BOOK GOES TO THE PRESS.

A young man clean, high-hearted and daring.

An American gentleman of whom his country may be proud.

A brilliant, resourceful aviator.

A man I am glad to have called my friend.

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OFFICE OF THE POSTMASTER GENERAL
WASHINGTON, D. C.

September 12, 1928.

Mr. John Henry Mears,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Mears:

The Post Office Department of the United States takes a very special interest in your unprecedented accomplishment in circling the Globe in less than 24 days. The Department several years ago became convinced of the possible utility of the airplane as a practical means for the rapid transportation of mails and has spent much thought, as well as time and considerable money, in demonstrating that it was right, but it has remained for you and Charles B. D. Collyer to demonstrate to the world that we have underestimated rather than overestimated the possibilities. We find added pride in the fact that Collyer was one of that incomparable group of pilots that has made

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the Air Mail Service of the United States famous, and share in that pride for being its advocate and promoter.

Your accomplishment was from every standpoint wonderful. With cordiality I extend my congratulations.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) HARRY S. NEW,
Postmaster-General.

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RACING THE MOON

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RACING THE MOON

CHAPTER ONE

ON the afternoon of July 14, 1926, an Army airplane roared into a bank over Mitchel Field, Long Island, N. Y., made a graceful turn and glided down to a velvety landing. It was exactly 2:58 o'clock.

At 2:59 a second Army plane wheeled down and both ships promptly taxied up to the line.

In the first plane, as passenger, was Edward S. Evans of Detroit, and in the second was Linton O. Wells, a newspaperman.

Excepting for a fast trip by automobile to the Pulitzer Building, Park Row, New York City, they had completed a record-breaking trip around the earth in 28 days, 14 hours, 36 minutes and five seconds.

They had beaten a thirteen-year-old record by seven days and almost seven hours.

The former record was mine.

I had seen them off on their trip with my bless-

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ings and good wishes, and I was the first to reach and greet them on their return.

"Congratulations! You've certainly done a great stunt! We're all proud of you!"

Those were my first words to the tired pair in goggles and flying suits. After warm handclasps and cordial interchanges, I turned to Mr. Evans, sponsor for the globe-circling journey, and exclaimed:

"But watch out! You've taken my record away from me, and now I'm going to get busy and take it away from you. I shall not wait thirteen years, either!"

Evans smiled and retorted generously:

"You're welcome to it, old boy; but you'll have to travel some!"

"You can just bet you will," chimed in Wells.

My own thought was:

"Yes, there's no doubt there will have to be some unprecedented speeding, for they have taken a whole week off my old mark—and they have not loafed a minute on the trip."

From that minute I began to lay careful plans to retrieve the record that had been mine.

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In my path lay every variety of obstacle that prolific nature could interpose; the wide Atlantic with its unruly cross currents and blasting winds; the uneven European continent; the harshly stark and hostile terrain of Siberia; the confusing mists of the Japan Sea; the unending width of the none-too-pacific Pacific and, last, the menace of America's wide stretches, punctuated by cloud-piercing mountains, mist-hidden cities and lakes as wide as oceans.

One must needs traverse this path whose terminus and beginning are one when nature's elemental forces are least harsh, least stubborn in their resistance to the wayfarer—the summer. So much, at least, the globe-girdler may decide at the outset. One whole year, from the day that Evans and Wells established their record, produced little more than a mass of data and surfeit of plans—that were discarded.

The Evans-Wells performance and the difficulties that had been theirs were studied and analyzed from every angle. My previous experience in the so-called game of rapid globe-girdling made it apparent that the whittling down of a four-weeks'

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mark would not be easy; that, on the contrary, it would be exceedingly difficult and beset with many dangers. Certainly, means of locomotion hitherto not so extensively employed as I should have to employ them, would figure prominently in the realization of my itinerary, on a schedule entirely without precedent.

To achieve this schedule one must prepare and provide for the utmost in simplification. There must be a constant onward march without the delay engendered by complications. "Simplification" became my motto.

My former mark of five weeks had been proclaimed a remarkable performance in 1913. The Evans-Wells record of 1926 was properly acclaimed by transportation experts and public alike, as nothing short of marvelous. Efforts to surpass my mark, made prior to that of Evans and Wells had failed, at times dismally. The two enterprising Americans, benefiting by these failures, used the fastest ships, trains, automobiles and airplanes. They had been the first to use the plane successfully in lowering the record.

I obtained and studied land maps, sea charts,

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books, time tables and airplane and engine catalogues; also a mass of general information, not the least of which was a wealth of weather data. The last, as the recent long distance flights have proved, has come to stay as a most important factor in the plans of him who would make haste safely; and on my safety, of course, depended the success of my project.

As I studied my data I evolved an ambition beyond that facetiously announced to the men who had broken my record. I became aware that I might enter the lists against an opponent far more formidable than man. I realized that by merely using the airplane to a greater extent than had Evans and Wells I should, barring storm and breakdown, better their record as a matter of course. This knowledge, suddenly thrust upon me by my studies, robbed my undertaking of the sporting, competitive element, almost destroyed for me the incentive to continue.

But out of a clear sky—literally—came to me a challenge to carry on.

Smirking down upon me I beheld one night, from the window of my study, the full moon as

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it meandered lackadaisically across the sky. It seemed to sneer its challenge:

"Why not beat me around the earth?"

Offhand I knew, or believed I knew, that the moon took about four weeks in its seemingly leisurely journey around the earth. Turning to an almanac, I realized then and there that I had found a competitor worthy of the facilities made available to me by modern mechanical science. For the moon requires twenty-seven days and seven hours for its journey, thirty-one hours less than the time required by Evans and Wells to circle the earth! Here, at last, was a mark worth shooting at. Here is a record not to be measured in mere years, but in countless centuries! Science has been defeated in its contests with the forces of the heavens throughout the ages. Here was an opportunity for a member of this earth's ephemeræ to outstrip the second most potent known force in our heavens.

My waning interest in speedy circumnavigation was revived, was more than fully restored.

When I whispered my plan to beat the moon around the earth, a wise man said to me:

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"Don Quixote, poor fellow, tried to do combat with windmills and the world has been laughing at him for four hundred years. Your plan out-Quixotes that of Cervantes' knight—why be laughed at?"

Another declared:

"Be content with surpassing the record made by Evans and Wells, if even by an hour, but stop this talk about the moon."

But I declined to think in terms of Evans and Wells, for to do so would mean the possible abandonment of the thing for which I had planned for more than a year. I was out for the longest-standing record and nothing less would satisfy me.

Since Luna travels on a schedule never known to have broken down, it became incumbent upon me to get a jump on the smirking lady, so that even a temporary setback en route would still find me in a position to carry on. This meant that neither trains nor automobiles must be used in Europe and Asia. The airplane alone would do. To further eliminate possibility of delay, I determined to utilize my own plane and a pilot who

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would start and finish with me, a pilot no less concerned with the success of the race than I.

Such a one would hunger when I hungered, would endure cold and rain when I did and would carry on in that spirit which alone fortifies man in his attempts to achieve the seemingly impossible.

Let me say at the outset that I didn't even contemplate flying across the Atlantic. Waiting for favorable weather would have caused delays productive of all sorts of ill consequences making further delays. One might have to wait weeks and months for favorable conditions and by the time these had arrived, the trip by plane over Europe and Asia would have become more difficult and even the passage by ship over the Pacific Ocean would have been made slower than required by the schedule the moon had fixed for me.

This point determined, the time of arrival of a trans-Atlantic liner from New York at some French port had to be matched with the departure, a definite number of days later, of a fast Pacific liner from Japan bound for the North American continent. Intervening there must be a sufficient

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time minimum in which to cross Europe and Asia by airplane.

On this steamship phase alone sailing schedules were studied until eyes were blurred. To the solving of this problem steamship company agents and traffic managers were consulted for an entire year! The cost in telegrams and cables aggregated hundreds of dollars.

Eventually what looked like a reasonable chance presented itself, but only after dozens of carefully worked out itineraries had been discarded.

There were scheduled a sailing of the *Olympic* from New York for Cherbourg, at 1 A.M., June 29, 1928, and a sailing of the *Empress of Russia*, from Yokohama for Victoria, British Columbia, on July 12. The *Olympic* was due at Cherbourg on July 5 and this meant that we would have to reach Tokio on July 11 in order to prepare our plane for shipment and have it towed down to the pier, about twenty miles away.

The fact stood out impressively that it would be necessary to cross Europe and Asia in six days, or fail. It had taken Evans and Wells nearly twice that time. Here lay the crux of the problem, as-

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suming that we could fly across the United States, still using our own plane, in reasonably swift time.

It would be absolutely requisite, in other words, to outstrip all previous world records in the traversing of that vast 9,000-mile stretch of territory. The crossing would have to be made more swiftly than that of any Frenchman, Englishman, Japanese, Italian, or any one else, either by airplane, train, automobile, or all combined.

In going eastward, too, we should be fighting the advancing clock and calendar, much as an English Channel swimmer combats tide and current. All travelers after records have to contend with it, of course, but not within such a narrow limit of time.

Evans and Wells had used railway trains, fast automobiles and planes to cover the 9,000-mile stretch. It was this diversity of transportation which must be overcome if I were to win. Aye, it would be necessary for me to have a plane of my own and take it with me aboard ship across the Atlantic; also the pilot. Of course, he would have an equality with me in the expedition, as my associate.

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My flying expert, too, must of necessity be an aërial navigator, or "avigator."

The Evans-Wells record was made pluckily, but precariously, by the use at intervals of several hired airplanes employed in Europe and Asia. The United States Army Air Corps, in transporting them from the Pacific slope across the American continent, also helped them materially.

Lacking their own plane they experienced disturbing adventures, mishaps and disappointments at critical moments. Any one of these might have lost them their chance to lower the former record. So it was evident that, to beat the moon, I must have my own plane all the way; that I must buy outright a fast, high-powered, reliable one. That meant a heavy outlay, and the plane would have to be insured at a cost of a premium of 15 per cent of the plane's value.

The Evans-Wells trip cost a total of $32,000, including hire of planes and an advance trip to Europe and Asia to lay out the route and make all arrangements.

In our case it proved necessary to expend nearly $24,000 outright for a plane and its insurance.

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Yet, as it turned out, the total cost of the venture was only $29,407. I also had a high-class airplane to show for my outlay when I returned. But I am getting ahead of my story.

As events proved, I found just the right aviator as my associate in the undertaking. He was Captain Charles B. D. Collyer, highly recommended from many quarters, because of his Air Mail, Army and skywriting experience, and his unquestioned gameness. I had selected a Fairchild cabin monoplane, a type of ship tested in many adverse and trying situations.

"That's the ship for us," Captain Collyer said, after we had looked over the new job. "That Pratt and Whitney wasp motor will pull us through the air at a clip of 140 miles an hour when wide open. It has 410 horsepower, and if we are just ambling along we can do nearly two miles a minute with it."

"Yes, Charlie," I remarked, "and don't forget we've got to slide across the Eurasian airs from Cherbourg to Tokio in six days, or else we've put our money on a loser!"

Charlie recalled that Costes and Le Brix, the

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French aces, had made it from Tokio to Paris in six days and twenty hours, taking turns at the stick. This was while our plans were still in the making.

"Can you do it all alone, without any one to relieve you at the controls?" I asked. "We shall be able to stop only a few hours at each of our landing places for fuel and sleep and a spot of food. And you know I'm a mere globe-girdler; I'm no qualified pilot—not even an unqualified one. How about it, Captain?"

"Say, I'll take us across that stretch on time, or break a neck—our necks, I might say. If you are game, I am. I am sure I can do the trick. I can get along without much sleep; I've had to, lots of times."

I was willing to trust his skill and nerve. I liked the cut of Collyer's jib, as they used to say in the sailing ships out of my native New England. We went ahead with our plans rapidly.

While Charlie was perfecting himself in navigation under Hubert Huntington of the Seamen's Institute, New York, a great authority in the science, and working out charts with the latter for

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aërial observations which would be required in crossing Siberia, I was busied with a thousand details on the business end of the great venture.

No less true than that a boy who saves his pennies will, in time, have dollars, is it that the circumnavigator who clips seconds and minutes from his traveling time will, in the end, save days. So it was that I arranged to send my airplane to sea with the *Olympic* while Collyer and I planned to delay our actual start until the last possible minute. And this time economy almost spelled tragedy for our undertaking at the very outset.

Naturally, the time consumed on the trip around the world would be figured from the moment that we actually left a given point, rather than from the time the *Olympic* left its pier. In other words, if the *Olympic* left her pier—as she did—at one in the morning of June 29, and Collyer and I left the Battery, the southernmost point of Manhattan Island, at five, and caught up with the vessel at sea, we were due to save four hours . . . a sixth of a day and at the very start!

So much for my plan. But men versed in this sort of thing were not quite so optimistic. It was

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pointed out that an experimental mail plane under similar conditions had a short time before failed to locate so large a target as the *S.S. Leviathan.* Our enthusiasm for this time-saving expedient was dampened on receipt of this information. At best, Collyer and I were beset by doubts, even serious misgivings. Here loomed a possibility of absolute failure at the very outset! But in the end we realized that caution, while important, must cease at a certain point. That point now confronted us. We would gamble and attempt to locate the *Olympic* at sea from the cockpit of a circling seaplane.

We engaged a seaplane to serve in this gamble with good or ill fortune and enlisted the services of the famous Captain Harry Rogers as its pilot. It was generally agreed in aviation circles that Captain Rogers, if any one, would spot the ship at sea if to do so were at all possible.

Our own Fairchild plane was equipped with folding wings, so arranged on hinges as to fold back parallel with the fuselage, or body, of the plane. This detail was important, because we recognized that there would be need of trundling

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this indispensable rapid conveyance through the streets of New York City and through the narrow alleys that go by the name of streets in the far-distant Orient . . . if ever we got there.

The plane was named the "City of New York" as a tribute to the city, the metropolis, that was to be our starting point; and it was so christened by Mrs. James J. Walker, wife of New York City's Mayor.

As the details with respect to the plane were going forward, while scientists and mechanical experts were manufacturing and mounting on our plane the instruments designed to guard us to the best of man's knowledge against our errors and nature's elemental protests, less spectacular tasks claimed my attention.

There was the problem of oil and gas in the remote places of the earth where we would of necessity stop for refueling. Even in this day there are places that have yet to see the motor-driven vehicle, places that would, therefore, be of no assistance to us were we forced to land. It is true that our schedule called for stops only in areas offering airdromes; but it must be remem-

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bered that the pilot in a plane is like a man at a long-range rifle, only more so. He is shooting at a target, the nature of which he knows only by hearsay and at a range of a thousand miles or more. The slightest deviation and one will go off the mark by dozens, sometimes hundreds, of miles. Aye, the most careful preparations for fuel must needs be made, and at long range.

International experts, so called, assured me that we would have grave difficulty in Russian territory; that we could look for no sympathy, much less fuel, in the Communist-controlled country at odds with the country whose flag was painted conspicuously on the sides of our plane. I received such advices, from Americans, it is true, when our plane had already been contracted for and large partial payments made.

Agencies, whose services are acknowledged elsewhere in this record, kept the cables hot in overcoming the alleged obstacles in Russia and Siberia. There was no skirting the Soviet countries, and their good will and aid were essential.

Permission to fly across the different countries over which our itinerary was to take us, had to

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be obtained. These, under our schedule, were to number twelve foreign countries: France, Belgium, Germany, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Russia, Siberia, Manchuria, Korea, Japan and Canada. We also had to obtain visas from their consular representatives. All this meant many trips to Washington, for conferences with Hon. William P. MacCracken, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aëronautics, and the many branches of the Department of State, also visits to the Embassies of the different countries we were to fly over. Many cablegrams were sent and received before all these details were arranged.

The Honorable Frank B. Kellogg, Secretary of State, was kind enough to give me the following letter, addressed to our representatives abroad:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
Washington

June 21, 1928.

To the American Diplomatic and Consular Officers.

Sirs:

At the instance of the Honorable Wilbur J. Carr, Assistant Secretary of State, I take

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pleasure in introducing to you Mr. John Henry Mears of New York City, who is to proceed abroad.

I cordially bespeak for Mr. Mears such courtesies and assistance as you may be able to render, consistently with your official duties.

I am, Sirs,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) Frank B. Kellogg.

As the details of my proposed race with the moon became known, the character of my mail began to change and its volume to increase. Of course, we received hundreds of letters daily from persons who offered to accompany us. These ranged in character from ministers who would pray over and for us while en route, to offers from cake-eaters who ventured the opinion that a ukulele obbligato to the explosions of our motor would relieve the tension of our effort.

Many well-meaning persons sent us good luck charms and other tokens, of which more later. Sufficient to say at this point that my apartment in New York City took on the appearance of a campaign headquarters. Men and women whose

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outward appearance indicated every social strata called upon me unbidden and without preliminary introduction or announcement. Like unto the man running for office, advice was whispered into my ear; warnings against drinking the waters of this and that place; against eating the bread of another were given me. Phrenologists grabbed at my sparse hirsute adornment to read the bumps on my head to foretell the outcome of my effort. Messenger boys dashed in and out of my, by this time, affrighted presence, to stumble over other messengers bringing me news of negotiations with representatives of foreign governments in control of landing fields and firms controlling the motor life-fluid, gasoline and oil. Girls and boys homeward-bound from school commencements, tarried with me for my totally illegible signature for their autograph albums;—quite a customary graduation gift, I learned.

There began a series of telephone calls from cranks.

"You are flying in the face of God's will," I was told. "Man against man, yes; but you have no right to attempt to taunt the moon." Amusing

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enough if one had the time to listen; but there came messages by mail and telephone that were not at all amusing.

"You are an instrument for unrest," was the text of one message. "You are seeking to prove that we can attack, or that we will be attacked by plane by the Japanese. We will see that you never reach your destination."

Since I was really at my destination ere I started, I refused to take this message too seriously, but in an undertaking attracting widespread attention, one must needs be careful. I ordered a guard over the plane, and my mind was again at rest.

But other difficulties threatened. Of course I had set my heart on having Collyer share the rewards, such as they might be, of making the record with me. But there came rumors indicating that while flying over territory controlled by Russia I would have to employ a Russian pilot. This, by my plans, was unthinkable. I no longer sought to make the race against the moon a one-man affair. I had, by this time, determined that my undertaking was to be all-American down to the last de-

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tail and that Collyer must be the other American.

Forgoing the details, which come later in this book, I must say here and now that nowhere on our adventurous journey were Collyer and I received and treated with greater warmth and cordiality than we were in Russia and Russian Siberia. It was not until we had arrived in Germany, at the Russian embassy, that we learned that the Russian government had no requirement for a Russian pilot. Had this government persisted in such a demand the flight would probably have been abandoned.

At Moscow we were told arrangements had been made for our gasoline and oil. Weather maps, it was decreed by the Soviet government, should be made available to us—and they were later, with notations in English—and every other aid was freely and gladly given.

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., sent us two bright new lucky dimes of the latest vintage as his gift, and as the expression of his hope that two Americans should not only set a new mark in circumnavigating the globe with the aid of oil and gasoline, but should also outgait the moon.

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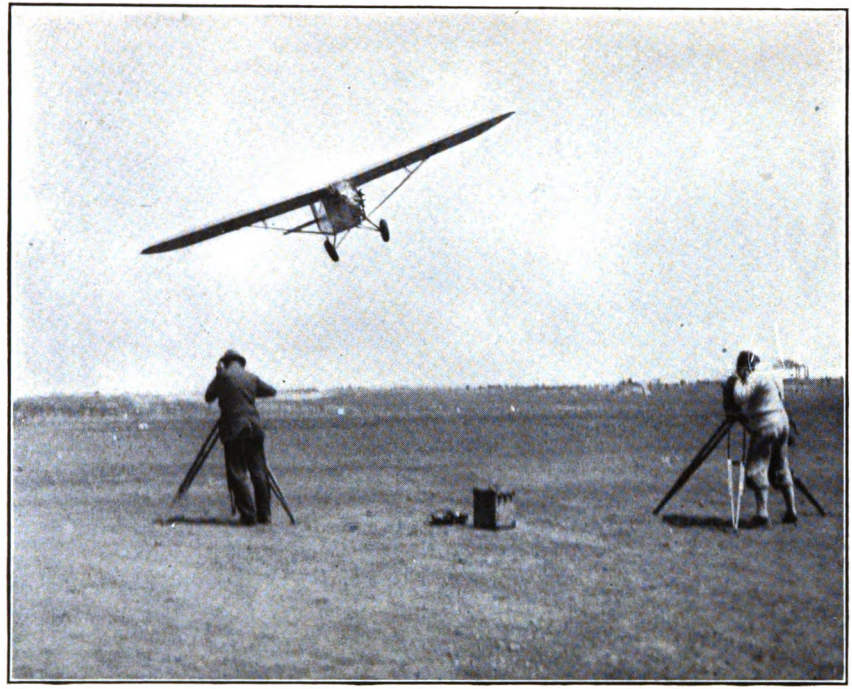

The City of New York in flight at Roosevelt Field.

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Collyer and I carried those dimes with us all the way, feeling that as long as we had Rockefeller money behind us we couldn't go broke and that we couldn't lose.

Then came our mascot of mascots. Although there was a third seat in the "City of New York," we couldn't carry another passenger because of added weight and the need for heavy loads of gasoline on the several stages of our trip. But we could carry a dozen pounds or so of mascot.

There was presented to us by a charming young woman of the New York stage, Miss Vivienne Osborne, a Sealyham Scotch terrier pup, a valuable thoroughbred. We held a council of strategy to decide what to name him.

"What do you need most of all to put us across Russia and Siberia in time to beat the moon?" I asked Captain Collyer.

"Well, a good tail wind all the way would help a lot," he offered.

"There it is! It's splendid of you, Charlie, to suggest it. Dog, your name, as official mascot-in-chief of this expedition, is Tail Wind! And don't forget your job."

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CHAPTER TWO

FINAL tests were given our plane, the "City of New York," at Curtiss Field, Long Island, two days before the start of our journey, and everything was found in perfect condition by Captain Collyer and the Fairchild mechanics. This was on Wednesday, June 27th.

The weight of the monoplane was 2,600 pounds and its useful load 2,800 pounds, which would include the pilot and passenger, Tail Wind, our gasoline supply contained in extra big tanks for long hops, and extra equipment.

We had decided upon a modern type of all-steel propeller. We took along two spare blades, a tail skid assembly, one landing gear strut, a complete spare engine-cylinder assembly and other miscellaneous parts including valves, valve springs, spark plugs, and magneto parts. We put some concentrated rations in the plane, to provide for emergencies should we have to land in wild country far from civilization. We had an Army water

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canteen of gallon capacity, four quart thermos bottles for milk and coffee and a rubber "airaft."

On the morning of the twenty-eighth, I rose with a prayer on my lips that weather continue good and as I looked beseechingly into the heavens from my window there was nothing there to indicate that my prayer would be answered. As I was about to sit down to my breakfast, the telephone bell rang and a voice that I had heard before inquired challengingly for "that man Mears."

When I had informed the caller that he was speaking to Mears, he replied:

"Well, when you get to Curtiss Field, your ship won't be there and it won't be on the *Olympic* either."

Controlling the disturbing emotions provoked by this announcement I inquired further and was told:

"You are an agent for the airplane people who want a war with Japan, and those of us who see through your scheme will blow your d——d plane up."

With this the instrument clicked and I was left alone with the most turbulent moments of anguish

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that I had ever known. Ere I could reach the field by telephone the field reached me and I was informed that further tests on the plane had just been concluded and that the wings had been folded back and that the "City of New York" was ready for transport aboard the *Olympic*. I need hardly say that I was relieved to learn that there was nothing in the message of my earlier caller.

I hurried to Curtiss Field, to stand by the plane until I should see it safely aboard the *Olympic*. These sinister telephone calls were inflicting more mental torture than I cared to endure. Collyer was at the field superintending the hitching of the plane to a motor lorry. A police escort was on hand when, shortly before one o'clock, we set out for the *Olympic's* pier, at West Nineteenth Street.

We were a rather large procession as we set out. First there were the motorcycle police; behind them came the motor truck and after that the plane. Then came Collyer and I in a car driven by myself and behind us trailed a line of cars bearing friends, well wishers and others who,

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apparently, will join any parade out of sheer exuberance or curiosity.

Everything went smoothly as we swept gallantly over the Queensboro Bridge. Men and women stopped to gaze after the procession. Some waved to us and here and there a group, spurred on by an excitable enthusiast on the sidelines, gave us a cheer.

My ears, however, were not attuned to cheers. I was concerned with one thing only, that of seeing our plane aboard ship and as far away from the milling masses of the city as possible. We swept across Longacre Square, which is the name for the northern end of the spacious, busy area above Times Square. Thousands of people crowd this district at any hour of the day, regardless of the weather, and this day the weather was inviting for outdoors. As we roared through, the voices of persons on the walks, in cabs and at windows were raised in expressions for our success.

"Good luck to you," they cried. "Beat that moon," or "Get that record, boys."

In the fleeting moment during which we were compelled to stop at Seventh Avenue and Forty-

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second Street, in front of the Rialto Theater, a huge mob formed. This, despite the police. But some one in the crowd took up the cry: "Help them win out. Don't delay them," and the good-natured mass, so typical of New York crowds, made way and we started rolling again. But the lurch that came with the start that followed this delay almost proved our undoing. The consequences were not immediately noticeable. As we crossed Forty-second Street, continuing down Seventh Avenue, we were holding to the right side of the street. Suddenly the wing on the left, loosened by the lurch of our start, I presume, swung open wide, so wide that it more than overlapped the tracks of the trolley line on our left. At the same moment there heaved into sight a trolley bound toward us. There didn't seem a chance in the world that the wrecking of our plane could be prevented.

The motorman on the trolley could barely stop and had no time to signal the men driving the truck to which our plane was hitched. They later told me that their eyes were glued on the lively moving police escort ahead. There was I right

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behind them and already I saw visions of a wrecked plane. The motor police had eyes for everything ahead, but not for what was going on behind them —and it was there that tragedy was impending.

A groan went up from the throats of the many lining the walk. It is true that they pointed at the plane but the men on the truck and the officers on motor cycles saw nothing unusual in that, they later explained. Persons had been pointing from the moment we had started on our journey through the city streets.

One hundred feet apart were trolley and wing of our beautiful plane. Even as I drove, I could see men and women on the curb, as if paralyzed by an oncoming catastrophe. Fifty feet apart are plane and trolley. There seems no hope for averting the collision. Nothing short of utter disaster, a complete breakdown of my two years of planning, was imminent. Twenty feet, a shrill yell, a woman on the curb, an officer whom I cannot see—but who later described his part in the *contretemps*—looked back. He saw the outspread wing, sweeping at the trolley which had just come to a stop. He turned sharply, almost throwing

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himself from his motor cycle, yelled to the driver to stop. The rest is related here as told me by the driver of the lorry. He recognized from the officer's look, rather than from his voice which was drowned out by the din on the street, that something was radically wrong behind him. He put on his brakes, abruptly. His brakes held, but the wheels slid and the truck continued on until the front end had gone about five feet beyond the front of the car. Only then did it stop. Less than fifteen feet separated the outspread, comparatively fragile wing of our plane, from the staunch front façade of the trolley. A narrow escape. So narrow that I hate, even now, to think of it.

Our personal belongings were stowed in the cabin of the plane and these, incidentally, did not amount to much. We were unable to indulge in sartorial adornment à la Beau Brummel, even if Collyer and I were so inclined. Necessity dictated that we travel very light indeed. Collyer and I spent several hours after our plane was put aboard the *Olympic*, saying good-bys and stealing surreptitious glances at the heavens. At best they were, as the saying goes, noncommittal. Collyer is

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a happy-go-lucky sort of chap and melancholy has not been one of my shortcomings, but both of us did some high-powered worrying. Here was our plane aboard the *Olympic,* which must leave on time, and above us a sky telling nothing! Of course, we might have boarded the vessel then and there, but to do so would spell the loss of a sixth of a day from the record we were aiming at and, after all, the sky did *not* actually indicate that the nearby seas would be befogged. Again we were face to face with the gambling element of our undertaking and again we decided to gamble. Nevertheless, I was at the pier when the *Olympic* was hauled to midstream in the Hudson River and as I saw the dim outline of our plane mounted on a hatch, drifting away, something within me went with it. I looked into the heavens and they seemed sullen; so sullen that I refrained with difficulty from crying out to be taken aboard. But it was too late and the determination that comes with second thought bade me be game. I was game, with a vacuum where my heart is supposed to be.

Collyer and I left the pier for a few hours' rest, and they were brief and troubled hours. The

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Olympic had sailed at 1 A.M. and at 3 our heads were poked out of a window, our eyes turned heavenwards. What we saw, or rather what we didn't see, made us groan. A thick fog obscured the sky. The ceiling, as aviators call it, was oppressively low. We had a light breakfast, and picking up Tail Wind, got into an automobile and drove down to the Battery.

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CHAPTER THREE

THE tall buildings that crowd in upon the open space called Battery Park looked darkly down upon us. The area was deserted and seemed stifled in the darkness of the long shadows of the skyscrapers that stand like giant guards at this gateway to the American continent. A steamer on the New Jersey side of the Hudson River moaned mournfully. Tail Wind growled as if in the presence of something mysterious that threatened his safety, our safety. A lone policeman eyed us suspiciously as we wandered to a bench to await the official timers who were to see us off. Our impatience to be off, our eagerness to study the skies at our starting point, had brought us to the Battery an hour before our scheduled time.

As we sat on the bench, the policeman passed us again, and then again. Clearly he was endeavoring to make up his mind whether we were a pair of vagrants, or worse, a pair of evil-doers. This thought brought others even more disturbing.

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What if this minion of the law, in manner characteristic, decided to take us into custody as suspicious characters and leave the asking of questions to his superiors? Such things have happened before. The *Olympic* might be reached a reasonable distance at sea; but the delay which my trouble-contriving mind created for us, would unquestionably result in our being left behind! Again this police officer passed us. I felt that I could stand it no longer; that it were better if I took the initiative and shooed him off.

As I made up to volunteer combat, which might have resulted disastrously, a cab of newspaper reporters drove up to the sea wall. Behind this came others and still others and soon there was a respectable-sized gathering of friends, members of the press, timers, well wishers all. The timers were headed by Benjamin F. Castle of the National Aëronautical Association. The harbor police of the New York City Department had agreed to place a tug at our service to take us out to the seaplane of the Rogers Airline. But where is Rogers? It was four-thirty, and an official of the White Star line in the gathering volunteered the informa-

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tion that with every minute the locating of the *Olympic* at sea was becoming more difficult.

At this point, word came from Professor Kimball of the United States Weather Bureau of a twenty-mile south wind outside the Narrows and that a heavy sea was running too. I am sure that the sea Kimball referred to was no heavier than the sensation around my heart at this announcement. But where is Rogers? It is now 4:45 A.M., the *Olympic* is three and three-quarters hours at sea and the ceiling above, the sky, is descending closer and closer upon us.

In the office buildings, enshrouded in bleak darkness up to now, lights are beginning to twinkle. The cleaners have started their daily labors. Reporters and the others standing about are whispering. What are they whispering? Have they been told something that is being kept from us, from Collyer and me? I dismiss this thought as foolish. Though the day is advancing, the shadows are becoming deeper and the open space in which we stand seems to be getting darker. Manhattan's buildings are so tall as to shut out the sun in the East. Only from over the heights of Brooklyn

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comes a rosy ray which bids us hope for lightened skies. But where is Captain Rogers?

As this thought crosses my mind, we hear the zoom of a motor somewhere overhead. He has come! The minutes are flying so we speak hasty farewells to those about us and rush to the Police Department tug at Pier A. We can see Rogers' plane which he maneuvers gracefully to the bosom of the Upper Bay, which has become restive. Its waves splash the Battery wall. "Where are you?" cries Rogers. And from the crowd, standing at the sea wall, comes the reply: "Here!"

But this reply is misleading. We are not in the gathering and Rogers, feeling the pull of the strong undercurrent, and having tasted of the clouds that have lowered the sky, calls impatiently to us. With Tail Wind in my arms, I am standing in the bow of the police tug; Collyer is at my side. Rogers says something about his motor having gone cold and my heart, assaulted so many times in the course of my preparations, endures one more stab of agony. If his plane's motor is cold, then all is *surely* lost.

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Castle, the official timer, at our side as we stepped off terra firma, yells to us:

"You have taken off exactly forty-five seconds after five-o'clock."

Well and good, but we have yet to get out of the trough made by the sullenly surging waters of the Bay. Only through the expert maneuvering of Captain Rogers, were we able to get aboard his seaplane in this sea.

"Is your motor really cold?" I sputtered apprehensively at him.

"No, but it would have been had I been kept waiting much longer," he replied.

Nevertheless, precious seconds passed before the propeller began to turn over properly. I could sense the tension of the group on shore as the moments sped by. "What is wrong?" came the query. "They'll miss that boat at sea," shouted another optimist. As if in reply, Rogers' motor began to turn over and our seaplane, which had been facing the Brooklyn shore, turned its head toward the sea. The dawn, welcome enough in itself, disclosed heavy clouds banked low under the sky. But our amphibious craft began gaining mo-

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mentum. From the shore came a familiar voice, that of James Wolfe, the famous Metropolitan Opera Company basso. He was singing the, to us, pessimistic refrain of Tosti's "Good-by." Over the roar of the propeller I heard his chant, "Good-by, forever," and over this roar I attempted to make heard my defi:

"We will be back in twenty-three days."

Rogers looked at me as much as to say:

"Do you really mean it?" and turned to his controls. Only Tail Wind, nestling in my arms, barked up to me, encouragingly. "It is up to you," I whispered, as I realized that after two years of preparations the race with Lady Moon was on.

And Lady Moon, the vixen, almost defeated us at the start of this breakneck journey of more than 20,000 miles. She had thrown out a mantle of fog, just as a destroyer throws out a smoke screen, to hide that smirk which I knew so well. But even worse, she shut from our vision the ship which was our first objective. The horizon was an impenetrable fog. Captain Rogers drove his seaplane gallantly at the obscuring bank. He seemingly scorned even to attempt to fly above it and kept

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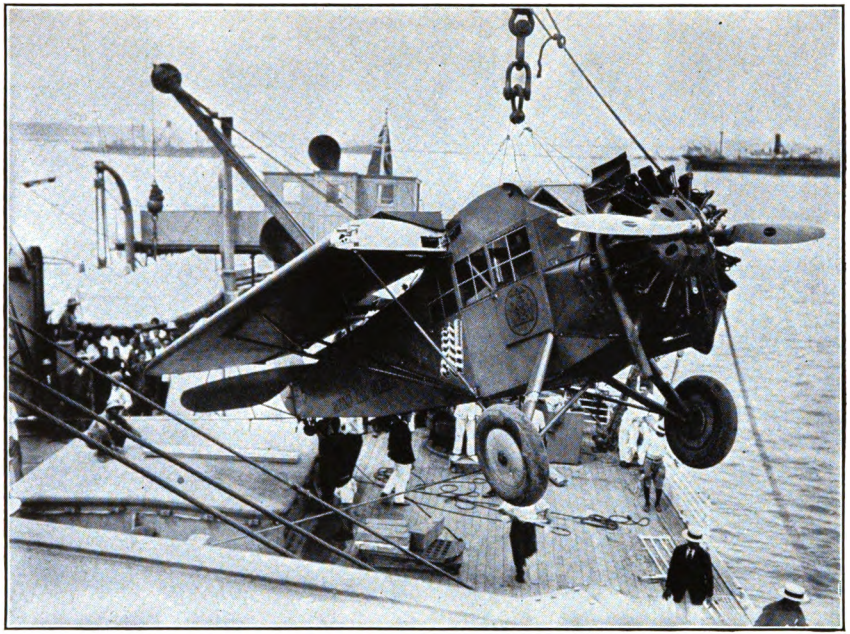

How the City of New York was loaded aboard the Olympic and the Empress of Russia. Note the folded wings. This picture is of the Empress of Russia at her Yokohama dock.

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his plane at a level but slightly higher than the rise of Brooklyn shore. Into the fog he drove the seaplane's nose and below one felt the cold swish of the incoming Atlantic current.

I must have appeared glum. Collyer patted my shoulder and Tail Wind crawled comfortingly into my lap as we roared down the steamship lane to the sea. It was like flying in a long, low cave.

Suddenly there became visible to our straining eyes a huge hulk.

Captain Rogers made as if to circle and descend and on my lips were words of thanks for our deliverance, when Collyer turned to the seaplane pilot:

"That's not the *Olympic!*" he shouted above the roar of the motor.

"If this is not the *Olympic,* then what in heaven's name is it?" I thought, apprehension quickly replacing my momentary jubilance.

"It *is* the *Olympic,*" signaled Rogers, and my feelings fluctuated upwards.

"Rogers, the haze is fooling you," shouted Collyer, and my spiritual stock came tumbling down again.

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And again I wondered: "Shall we ever get out of this mess of uncertainty caused by this cursed fog?"

In the meantime, Captain Rogers headed the nose of the plane towards the heaving blackness that was the sea, apparently confident that we had reached our objective. In a few seconds we would have been down.

Collyer, now bordering on frenzy, shouted: "Can't you see that what you think is the *Olympic* is some other big ship heading inland?"

Rogers was quick to see the truth of Collyer's statement. Wearily, it seemed, the plane pointed its nose upward—we were now vagrant in the confusing fog.

While down, I recognized the vessel that caused the confusion as the *Mauretania,* on which I had sailed in making my 1913 record.

Rogers, quick to recognize that this further loss of time was adding to our hazards, courageously drove the motor to its utmost limits into the black fog that engulfed us.

In the meantime there ran through my mind new worries, inspired by a remark of an official of

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the White Star line that the *Olympic* would not travel at reduced speed for us beyond a certain time. That time, it seemed to me, had passed or at best was rapidly passing.

"What if the *Olympic* has gone full speed ahead and should be lost in that deeper fog that looms beyond?" I pondered.

As if in answer came the cheering voice of Collyer:

"There she blows!"

And Captain Rogers was already banking his sturdy plane for a turn preliminary to making a landing. There she was indeed, this giant vessel, waiting to carry us with all the power of her space-annihilating propellers to the next stage of our race with the moon!

Out beyond the protecting shores of the mainland and Long Island, the sea was rather rough, almost too rough for a flying boat to attempt a landing. But Rogers, with the vessel within sight, now revealed that he enjoyed for good reason his high repute as a seaplane navigator. Calmly he made his calculations; twice he circled the giant hulk below us. He could not land in the lee of the

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big ship because of the downward currents always prevailing from that quarter. After some rather clever maneuvering the plane slid into the water and to our earlier miseries was added that of having what seemed tons of water cascade over us. But we were so happy at being nigh our objective that we paid no heed to this at the time.

From the deck of the vessel came a cheery greeting from Captain Marshall. And even to impatient me, it seemed only a matter of seconds when a gig and crew set out to get us, urged on by the cheers of the passengers who, in their enthusiasm, had waited up for us. Bidding Rogers good-by we were soon in the gig, manned, as we later learned, by a picked outfit who quickly had us at the foot of the rope ladder that dangled within our reach from some remote point far above.

Even as we stepped to the ladder, huge waves reached for us, their crests threatening to sweep us into the sea as if in league with their mistress, Lady Moon. I came near another "Hobson's choice" when the force of one wave brought me precipitately to the problem as to whether to release my hold on Tail Wind, to whom I clung with

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one arm, and to employ that arm in getting a better grip on the ladder. I clung to Tail Wind and received unforeseen assistance in a lusty and well-placed shove from Collyer, who was on a rung below.

We were on the broad, safe deck of the *Olympic*. We had saved four hours . . . a sixth of a day! The strain of uncertainty, the fatigue caused by extreme anxiety and a sleepless night rushed upon me. It was through hazy eyes that I saw Captain Rogers, many feet below, flip his hand in farewell and turn the nose of his seaplane toward the invisible land. This land, Collyer and I had undertaken to step upon again in twenty-three days, but in between lay a wide and unyielding path, so far flung as all space on earth.

* * *

We were two very, very tired men who mechanically returned the greetings of officers and passengers, and even Tail Wind with an almost human sigh snuggled into my arms and dozed off as we strode wearily to our quarters.

On board we received a flock of tokens of good luck, including rabbits' feet, four-leaf clovers and

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what-nots, not to mention many farewells and messages conveying good wishes sent by radio. One came from Mrs. James J. Walker, who radioed:

"You have my best wishes for success."

A message from the Lambs Club, to which I belong, was signed by more than 600 members.

Among other radiograms received and which we greatly prize, were those from Linton O. Wells and Edward S. Evans. Needless to say their tone was sportsmanlike.

Morris Gest, noted theatrical producer, was on board, and he lost no time in looking us up. In his familiar flowing tie and wide-brimmed hat, smacking of the artists' quarter, he walked out on deck with us to examine the plane.

"What are you fellows up to, anyway, John?" he asked. "Do you really think you can go around the world in twenty-three days with the aid of this machine? It honestly doesn't seem possible to me that you can cross all of Europe, including Russia, which I know so well, and get over Siberia and Manchuria and into Japan in any six days. If

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you boys do it, well, all I can say is that you are marvels."

Tail Wind, our white puppy mascot, was feeling fine, as all of us were, since the sea was as smooth as glass, and he leaped up at Mr. Gest, who reached down and patted the dog.

"He's a great little mascot, all right. Tell you what I'll do—if you break the record, I'll give you $10,000 for him."

At this writing I still have Tail Wind. He has a soft berth for life!

Because of the strain of our last-minute work before departure from New York, we felt the need for considerable sleep in the six days we were on board; more than that, we had to feel fresh and fit when we landed at Cherbourg. The time passed rapidly and almost before we knew it, the morning of July 5th had dawned. We were at the French port.

The time for embarking on our aërial voyage and our greatest burst of speed, the outcome of which meant victory or failure, had arrived.

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CHAPTER FOUR

WHEN I completed my first fast trip around the world in 1913, also under newspaper auspices, and made a record which was to endure for thirteen years, I believed I had reached the apex of thrilling experience. And the thirty-five days were undoubtedly filled with exciting and interesting episodes.

But as I look back now on that former voyage, its thrill dwindles to the proportions of a child at play.

My present sensations are not alone due to the bewildering speed with which Collyer and I circled the earth. They come of wonder and thanksgiving.

Although I am happy that Americans again have set a mark for swift travel with an American invention, the airplane, my retrospections are mixed; they embrace a kaleidoscopic series of impressions of danger, of hopes seemingly about to be wiped out in a terrific crash and a burst of flame

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from blazing gasoline; of joyful reactions when death passed us by; of strange faces of all races and creeds; of frowns, smiles, welcomes and cheers.

I do not know at the moment that I should ever care to go through such an exhausting and wearing experience again, and probably I never shall. Such a journey leaves its indelible mark on a man.

I have not yet quite recovered from mental and physical exhaustion as I set these afterthoughts to paper. But at least there is a sort of awed calm, and the great persistent roar, the mighty diapason of sound from a powerful motor and a steel propeller hurtling a plane through the air at 140 miles an hour, is absent. Still, I have another feeling that I would not have missed it all for anything in the world—now that it is ended.

Collyer and I coursed our way more swiftly than the fastest bird ever darted, and flew from crack of dawn until the sun disappeared, hungry, thirsty, consumingly hot and almost freezing with cold by turns, fatigued almost to a state of coma. We shot through unmapped air over the vast spaces of Siberia and Manchuria without recognizable landmarks, depending on charts, instruments and stel-

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lar observations worked out months in advance to give us surety of accurate "avigation."

We have the satisfaction of being the first American citizens to have flown that North Asiatic route in our own American airplane, which we transported with us across the Atlantic and Pacific, and to have picked our way unerringly above those forbidding wastes, in negotiating the far-flung reaches of Asia after crossing Europe.

The air above any part of the earth is a tremendously large area and is endless within the limitations of any aircraft of the present or of the future! But between two given points, nearly 1,700 miles apart, such as we covered in one day in Siberia, it becomes literally a universe, unless one shall have carefully and methodically acquired directional aids.

Captain Collyer, the pilot, whom I regard without question as one of the greatest aviation artists, not only obtained these aids, but employed them with unfaltering nerve and skill.

As I review that great double continent passage, without taking into consideration our later aërial passage over the American continent which is by

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no means easy, even with its aviation lanes, I am inclined to agree strongly with George H. Townsend, president of the Moto Meter Company of Long Island City, New York.

Without shame, I quote from a New York daily his statement to an interviewer in an article published the morning after our victorious return.

"The completion successfully of this globe-girdling expedition of Mears and Collyer is, in many respects, the outstanding achievement of the year in aviation. In my opinion it demonstrates, as no other flight has done, the tremendous commercial possibilities of the airplane in the future.

"With both the Atlantic and Pacific crossings conquered, it remained for Collyer and Mears to demonstrate the feasibility of connecting by air the thousands of miles of intervening land through a series of continuing flights. Thus we have before us, for the first time, the way opened for a complete aërial navigation of the globe.

"Voyages such as have just been made by these two intrepid flyers will become, I believe, the commonplace venture for world

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travelers within as short a period as five years from now."

The writer doesn't attempt to speak for Collyer, of course, but personally he disagrees with Mr. Townsend in the use of that adjective "intrepid." In the course of not a few tight squeaks, which we survived through the grace of Collyer and Providence—with the former leaning heavily on the latter . . . I did not feel any too intrepid.

I sort of stopped breathing, because my heart, figuratively, had got jammed in my windpipe. All I did was to look reproachfully at our Tail Wind, and ask him mentally whether he'd forgotten to function.

And the eyes of that little underslung pup would snap and his tail would wag and somehow we would come through all right. I'm thinking especially of that night of dense fog above Tokio when we groped for a landing beacon through the pea-soup murk, with those high-tension wires and water-sodden rice fields beneath us, and only a few teacupsful of gasoline in our tanks!

* * *

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Wide-eyed and ingenuous persons have asked me naïvely why I ever got started on this earth-belting business. "What is there in it? Why do you do it? Is it worth while? What does it accomplish?"

Well, to start with, why do we do anything out of the ordinary? If your little son comes home from school after beating up the school bully, you have a sneaking admiration for him, haven't you, even if you do chide him for fighting? And if the boy was justified, as he probably was, in licking the roughneck youngster, he has a perfect right to take some pride and satisfaction from his exploit, hasn't he?

Why do we have sports? Olympic games? Even dancing marathons, if you like, and heaven knows they seem stupid enough!

All humankind seems to be obsessed with the idea of outdoing some one else, as is daily proved to general applause in the comic strip, "Keeping Up With the Joneses." We all like to excel in something. It is this spirit which has made the United States of America what it is. It is the

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spirit of initiative and competition, which permits nothing to stand still.

In my own case, if you'll let me psychoanalyze myself, I think the primitive urge was a fundamental sort of sporting proposition. We all like to travel, more or less, and I've done a lot of it in my time. I had known of others to race around the world, and as a youngster had read Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days," a universal best-seller which, incidentally, still makes good reading even in the light of modern accomplishment.

That book took hold of me more than I realized when I read it, I suppose. The idea of chasing at top speed around this earthly sphere fired my imagination.

When I got my first chance to chase around the world, it was a perfectly natural result of my boyhood ideas. I took to it just as some people do to baseball, golfing or black-bass casting.

After once you've done a thing like that and made a record, and somebody comes along and excels your score, it is as sweetly reasonable to go

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back at it again as it is to try to retrieve your losses in a poker game.

As to what there's in it—well, that's another thing. There's a little money in it, though not much, if that's your sordid thought, and there's a deal of pride and pleasure in accomplishment.

But best of all in the present instance, it shows what may be done with a bang-up good airplane. And the plane intrigues one as a brand new box-kite intrigues the boy next door. The plane we used, in my estimation, anyway, was probably the best all-round, all-purpose plane built to-day, not that there aren't plenty of other good ships for various purposes, and I'm not being paid for saying this.

It was the same type of plane that was used to reach the Bremen's crew at Greenly Island. You'll remember that when the distress of the disabled Bremen and her crew, Baron Gunther von Huenefeld, Major Fitzmaurice and Captain Hermann Koehl, became known, that C. A. (Duke) Schiller and Dr. Louis Couisiner of the Transcontinental Airways, Ltd., of Canada, volunteered to carry aid to the three gallant transocean airmen.

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The respect felt by veteran pilots for the kind of ship I bought was shown when it was suggested to "Duke" Schiller for his epic flight. He remarked, with a classic touch, "Say, with that baby, we can go to the Pole." Collyer afterward said much the same thing.

Through nearly a thousand miles of rain, snow, sleet and fog, Schiller later took his rescue plane on its course from Murray Bay to Greenly Island, right into the jaws of disaster, some people thought. But "Duke" made it, in his comfortable, enclosed cabin monoplane and brought Fitzmaurice back to Murray Bay for spare parts and fuel and other supplies.

All of this naturally impressed me, so I contracted for one of the identical make, with a few extra gadgets. Our ship, powered by its Pratt and Whitney motor, carried us over thirteen countries without a single hesitating gasp, and of the 20,000 and odd miles we covered, 12,000 or sixty per cent, were flying miles.

Since our return, Collyer and I have frequently been asked whether the fact that the monoplane's wings would fold back to the side of the plane's

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fuselage like a robin's wings to its body, affected its structural rigidity in any degree.

All I can say is that our folding wings never flapped once other than on the plane's journey down Broadway. Of course they are securely locked into place and are strutted and braced. When in the air we never knew we had folding wings; they were nothing for us to worry about.

Of course we had large extra fuel tanks to care for sufficient gasoline to make those long hops across Russia, Siberia, Manchuria and Japan. The Pioneer navigational instruments were of great aid to Collyer in piloting us across Siberia, although the earth inductor compass was "out" for a time until we discovered a metallic gas funnel carelessly left in immediate contact with it. With that removed, the famous compass functioned with exactness.

We had another special indicating device, insisted upon by Collyer, which registered the temperature on the wings, to warn him if ice formed on the foils. This instrument was built especially for us by the Moto Meter people.

I want to call attention again to the fact that

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we were officially timed when we took off from the Battery, New York, by Colonel Benjamin F. Castle, secretary of the National Aëronautical Association, Washington, and upon our return there by Carl F. Schory, chairman of the Contest Committee of the same organization. There are, of course, many persons who witnessed our journey at its many stages.

I make mention of this because since our return many sceptics have communicated to us their doubt that we really circled the globe. It has been charged that we were in hiding, and schemes for engineering a hoax, instead of an actual journey, have been laid to us by many whose ingenuity might be better employed.

This sceptic age!

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CHAPTER FIVE

BEFORE our twenty-three-day jaunt, man had already set some remarkable standards for fast globe circling, but there had been that one record to which my fancy likes to revert, older than history, and which travelers had never been able to break.

But to-day, I am happy to reflect that the moon in her course is no longer ahead of applied science; her journey around the world, made how many millions of times no one knows, and taking twenty-seven and a third days for each trip, has gone into the discard.

History is richly colored with stories of adventurers who have made new records for globe travel. There once was a Portuguese skipper named Fernando Magalhæns. In English we call him Magellan. One of his ships, the *Victoria*, made the globe-girdling record of the Fifteenth Century. The trip took three years. The *Victoria* was not only the

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fastest, but was the first ship to reach home by moving continuously in one direction.

Magellan, for whom the famous South American straits are named, unfortunately did not receive the wreaths of flowers and gold cups that belonged to him as a victorious explorer. While he was in one of the Philippine Islands, some native who objected to having his home discovered in the name of a European king, aimed a primitive and unerring weapon at Magellan's heart.

The first Englishman to make the record was Sir Francis Drake, a prominent real estate man of the Sixteenth Century, working for Queen Elizabeth. Drake foresaw the boom in New World lands and persuaded the good queen to invest in a few ships. When Sir Francis saw California blooming under the bright noonday sun he immediately became a booster and annexed that generous tract of North American realty for England.

Those early journeys, of course, were for exploration and profit. Neither Magellan nor Drake went into the cruising business just for sport's sake. In Magellan's day, the Pope decided that all land discovered west of the Azores should be-

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long to Spain and all new land found east of the Azores should rightly be territory of Portugal. Although Magellan was Portuguese he was able to sell the Spanish rulers the idea that he could get them the Moluccas by sailing westward and claiming them as Spanish land.

The first gentleman who went into the world-traveling game for the sole purpose of making a record was that unforgettable Phileas Fogg person. His adventures were pure fiction, but they caused every whit as much stir as though Phileas had been flesh and blood instead of being the creation of the ingenious and romantic-minded Jules Verne. Sitting peacefully in his study at Amiens, the author sent Fogg around the world in eighty days to win a wager of 20,000 pounds sterling.

Seventeen years after the sensational imaginary journey, a trim little girl reporter made herself and her newspaper world-famous by beating Fogg's "record" by eight days.

She made herself famous—yet who to-day remembers a woman named Elizabeth Cochrane? In 1889 it was the style for women to write under fanciful pen names; we haven't so many blushing

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violets to-day. Elizabeth Cochrane did features for the New York *World* under the name of Nellie Bly. One day it occurred to the late Joseph Pulitzer to test the possibilities in the Jules Verne romance. He called in Nellie Bly. When she appeared at his private sanctum he told her his idea and asked whether she could start the following day.

Nellie didn't even stop to buy a new bustle for the journey. She was on board a ship bound for Southampton next morning. When in France she took time to stop at Amiens for an interview with Jules Verne. The sixty-one-year-old author, who had startled two continents with his travel tale, looked at the slip of a young woman, admired her for her courage and self-confidence, but shook his head. He doubted sincerely that any one could get around the world as swiftly as his Phileas Fogg. There was a vast difference, the writer noted, between fact and fiction.

Nellie Bly did not contradict M. Verne. She gave him one of her sweetest smiles and sped on eastward after he had kissed her on both cheeks. She won in seventy-two days, during which time

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the moon had made almost three journeys around the earth.

In the next five of the time-conquering journeys, there is no record of attempted rivalry with Luna. Nellie Bly had hardly settled at home in 1890 when George Francis Train began his race. He did his jaunt in sixty-seven days, five days less than Nellie Bly, but without arousing great interest.

It should be mentioned that Nellie Bly, the girl who made history, was married five years after her effort, to Robert Seaman, after half a dozen proposals from various suitors. Mrs. Seaman died in 1922, and until the last she was connected with the newspaper profession.

Mr. Linton O. Wells, in his book "Around the World in Twenty-eight Days," describing his trip with Mr. Evans, paid Nellie Bly a just tribute when he wrote:

"Other records may be forgotten, but those of Phileas Fogg and Nellie Bly will live forever."

Train's sixty-seven-day mark remained until the dawn of the new century. In 1901, Charles Fitzmorris, later Chicago's Chief of Police, became the world's fastest traveler. He cut down Train's rec-

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ord by a week, returning home after sixty days and thirteen hours of travel.

In 1903 Henry Frederick raced the moon, but the latter made two trips while Mr. Frederick was on his way. Then Colonel Burnley Campbell reduced the Frederick record by a whole fortnight. Frederick took fifty-four days, but Campbell only forty, in his trip in 1907, and his record stood four years.

Colonel Campbell used the Trans-Siberian Railway, opened to the world after the Russo-Japanese War. Although the trains usually averaged only fifteen miles an hour on the then single-track system, he was able to save much time going from Russia across Siberia.

Then along came my friend, André Jaegar-Schmidt, the Parisian newspaperman, who had the financial backing of his powerful paper, *Excelsior*. He wrote for this publication a highly interesting and diverting account of how he cut the record by a day, his time being 39 days, 19 hours, 42 minutes and 38 seconds. Jaegar-Schmidt's effort gave to France the championship belt for swift globe trotting. France held it for two years.

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Then a certain New York theatrical producer, with a taste for adventure, came to the realization that France was holding a speed record that really belonged to the United States. He got ready with great pains and sallied forth to bring the record back to America.

How well I remember the details of that journey! I know exactly what happened every hour between 12:43 of the morning of July 2 and 12:18 of the night of August 6, 1913. I am glad to say that the record I recaptured for America has been ours ever since!

In 1913, conditions for fast travel were, of course, much inferior to what they are to-day. There had been no long flights, no remarkable endurance records for air travel. And as for transocean aviation, it was as improbable as Phileas Fogg's record was considered in 1872.

Nevertheless, I did about forty miles of my 1913 journey by airplane—we called them "aëroplanes" in those days, before the government established an official spelling. The flight was not part of my original plan, but was merely a stunt arranged for me by the enterprising Seattle *Post-*

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Intelligencer. It was more of an adventure than it was an expedient for time-saving.

Between 1913 and 1926, as we have noted, my record remained unbroken. The map of Europe changed, aviation became a means of rapid transit, and world travel an ordinary vacation stunt for folk who were not in the least adventurous. Wells and Evans considered the facts and wondered why the 1926 superior travel facilities shouldn't enable them to break my record.

Evans and Wells tackled the project as men of courage, audacity and resourcefulness. In 1924 a gold medal was presented to Evans by the Canadian Government for taking an automobile under its own power from Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast. The result of this feat in that rough country was the building of a road through Fraser Canyon.

Wells, a newspaperman, had experienced plenty of travel. There is a story told, incidentally, that he was a stowaway from Calcutta to Karachi, two thousand miles, on the United States Army plane *Boston,* on the World Flight in 1924! The pilots themselves told it later in their book.

Wells and Evans planned their record-making

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journey for seven months before they started.

When I heard of their journey's progress and it became evident they would break my record of 1913, my mind was fixed. I began my study of routes and methods. Plainly, I was girded for combat, friendly but determined.

I suppose that my Irish ancestors are responsible for that spirit in me which cannot remain passive if any one has taken something of mine . . . and kept it.

While they were en route I followed their adventures eagerly, regretting each hour's delay, hopeful for each minute they bettered my record. Not only was I thankful for their success; but I wanted to see man move forward in his struggle to conquer time and space. Two fellow Americans were cementing friendship between nations by diminishing the earth's size. Above all, I was glad of the fresh impetus given to my own ambition. There was a new record for me to break! It was like the burr under the saddle of the army mule.

Our schedule did not, as I have already stated, comprehend a single mile of railway travel, and we adhered to it. We employed automobiles only

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between flying fields and hotels in places where we were able to snatch a few hours of sleep.

No doubt in the days of Magellan, if some seer had predicted that men one day would circle the earth faster than the moon on its course, and would succeed in doing it through the aid of a craft which flew like a giant bird, the wisest men would have fallen on their knees in terror and prayed for protection from the evil spirit which could suggest such a thing.

The Portuguese and Spanish sailors of that day —and Providence knows that all sailors in all times have been superstitious enough—would have seen in a plane like the "City of New York," only a terribly dangerous, awesome and malignant air creature, an ally of His Satanic Majesty. There were few in those days who believed the world could be circled at all. The great majority were still prone to think of the earth as a flat disk, even as Wilbur Glenn Voliva of Zion City, Illinois, head of the religious community founded by the late John Alexander Dowie, still believes, according to his public statements.

Several times I have wondered what Mr. Voliva's

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views must be on such earth-circling enterprises as mine, and just how he would explain away our careful astronomical observations made to insure accuracy in flying—how he would account for our finding the world just as round as map-globes show it to be—how he would explain the accuracy of navigation on the grand circle courses at sea.

Back in the times of Magellan there was undoubtedly excuse for the sailors, who lived through that continuous westward journey which brought them back to the port from which they started, if they thought their ship had been visited by a miracle, and that never again in man's experience would such a feat be achieved.

It is recorded that many of Magellan's crew were made happy by his violent death. Their leader was entirely too confident of his ability to conquer the fabled sea monsters and demons of those uncharted oceans, and too sure of his power to guide his ships over the horizon without falling off.

But we cannot blame the men of that era, before the dawn of modern science and invention, for their ignorant superstitions. For that matter

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superstition still persists in the world, as we are all aware. The attitude toward the number thirteen is an example.

Even architects respect the thirteen tradition of hard luck. In up-to-date American hotels in large cities and in office buildings and hospitals they dodge old No. 13 by the simple expedient of omitting it as a floor number, or by lettering the floors in alphabetical order. The latter is one of the newer devices and is employed by the great new Presbyterian Hospital at the Medical Center, Washington Heights, New York City.

Although I've been connected with the theatrical profession virtually all of my life and have seen much of the mental effects of such traditional old superstitions and hoodoos as the number thirteen and walking under ladders, we were able to give these fearsome omens a hearty and raucous laugh on our journey around the world.

They could not stop us . . . and they certainly had their chance.

Just perceive the following danger signals:

My name, Mears, begins with the thirteenth letter of the alphabet.

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The name of the State in which I was born, Massachusetts, contains thirteen letters.

I established my previous record of 1913 in the thirteenth year of the present century.

That record stood for thirteen years.

The name of our plane, in which we flew around the world, "City of New York," contains thirteen letters.

White Star Line, on whose steamer, the *Olympic*, we sailed contains thirteen letters.

The slogan, "Round the World," inscribed in big letters on the side of the plane, contains thirteen letters.

Standard Oil Co., which furnished aviation gasoline for most of the trip, contains thirteen letters, as does J. D. Rockefeller, founder of that company, who gave us the two lucky dimes we carried on the trip.

Why, the very phrase, "two lucky dimes," as you will note, contains thirteen letters.

Tail Wind, our little mascot, was born on March 24th, 1927, making him thirteen months old.

We flew over thirteen countries on the trip: France, Belgium, Germany, Latvia, Lithuania,

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Poland, Russia, Siberia, Manchuria, Korea, Japan, Canada, and the United States.

Look out! "Racing the Moon," the title of this book, even contains thirteen letters.

Yet here we are, back, happy, successful, and feeling lucky!

And if you choose to count the number of these thirteen superstitious incidents, you will find that they total just thirteen!

Incidentally we left New York and the American continent on a Friday and we arrived back on the American continent on Friday.

And we walked under a ladder when we entered the Russian Embassy at Berlin to obtain our passport visas.

If I have digressed it is because there is nothing much that might be said about our voyage over the Atlantic. It was as uneventful as such voyages generally are. The last forty-eight hours saw us concerned with our schedule, but when land was sighted, we paid little heed to the ship's schedule, realizing that our real battle lay ahead. And what a battle it proved to be.

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CHAPTER SIX

SLOWER and slower throbbed the *Olympic's* engines. With a great gusty sigh they stopped dead. It was twelve o'clock noon, July fifth. We were at the entrance to Cherbourg's harbor . . . exactly four hours late.

According to our carefully prepared schedule, we had expected to land in Cherbourg at eight in the morning, to leave immediately for Paris, to be flying toward Berlin at noon. But noon found us still pacing the deck of the *Olympic,* our watches recording the passing of precious minutes, the loyal Tail Wind trotting behind us, his stumpy tail belligerently erect.

The narrow horseshoe harbor is far too small to admit the great ocean liners. Passengers are taken ashore on tenders after the French immigration officers have examined their credentials. It is a slow process. There is also much gesticulation, much clamor. The French official speaks quickly but moves deliberately. Insignificant, irritating

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delays were keeping us on board the liner when we should have been moving toward Paris.

In the noon sun the harbor was peaceful, far too peaceful. A few Normandy boats with their square brown sails were anchored at the docks. But at this hour they were deserted.

The "City of New York" had been taken ashore by lighter. At the edge of the town it stood waiting, its wings folded, its tanks empty. There was much for us to do before we took off from the local flying field. Would we never be allowed to leave this cursed prison of a steamer?

After minutes that moved like centuries, we were summoned by an officer who explained that a special launch had been sent out to take us ashore. On it was Samuel H. Wiley, American Consul at Havre, who, we now discovered, had done all in an American's power to extricate us from the formalities of entrance into France. The customs officers knew of our coming. They smiled and let us pass. We were happy at having saved a few minutes.

The narrow streets of Cherbourg were peaceful as we bumped over the cobblestones in an ancient

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car. We went directly to the offices of the Naval Commandant to get permission to leave the flying field. And we found locked doors.

We could not understand it. Locked doors on a government office at noon! We pounded on the pane and rattled the knob. We listened carefully for the sound of footsteps inside. We heard nothing.

Finally a wrinkled concierge shuffled to the door in felt slippers. He glared indignantly when we stated our mission and informed us that the Commandant had gone to his home, it being the hour for midday meal.

"That's a comfort," I said, trying to make up for my futile anger with a show of optimism, "we shan't have to wait long."

The Consul smiled. And we were informed that if we knew French ways we could not expect the Naval Commandant back at his office for two hours at the very least.

My heart sank! Two hours! An afternoon wasted in the sleepy streets of Cherbourg. "What are we going to do?" I implored of the Consul.

There was only one thing to do. It was not cour-

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teous, it was not the custom, but we had to do it. We stormed the Naval Commandant's house, taking him from his comfortable lunch table and we begged him to furnish us with whatever papers were necessary for two peaceful fliers wishing to make an immediate start for Paris. Our hearts were heavy as we stood waiting in the neat reception room of this gentleman's house. If he should take offense at our informality and refuse to consider our request until he was ready to receive us properly at his office, we should have to mark time until sundown in Cherbourg.

And believe me, I was in no mood for cathedral gazing.

The Commandant was grave and courteous. He listened silently to our pleas that he furnish us at once with papers that would permit us to leave the flying field.

When our story was finished, he shrugged like a Frenchman on the stage and said, "Will I give you papers? No, Monsieurs. . . ."

I saw Collyer's lips tighten into a rigid line. My own inclination was to protest but fortunately my French vocabulary did not include the phrases

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that would express my opinion of an officer who spent half the working day at the lunch table. Fortunately, I say, because it might have been disastrous if I had lost my temper. The negative with which the Commandant began his sentence had merely been an introduction to the statement that we would need no papers. His verbal permission was sufficient. He asked us to promise that we would not fly over the fortifications, and he was quite willing to accept our word as gentlemen that we would not disobey this single restriction.

The "City of New York" had been left ashore at the most convenient spot found by the crew of the lighter. Collyer had to taxi her to the flying field about a mile away. Then the wings were unfolded, the motor examined, the gas and oil tanks partly filled as the field is too small to take off fully loaded. While they worked, the French mechanics paused frequently to explain to bystanders the merits of the Pratt and Whitney motor and to exclaim over the folding wings. With the help of our interpreter, Mr. Wiley, and our own halting

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French, we discouraged their enthusiasm and insisted that they hurry.

It was two o'clock when the "City of New York" glided over the Cherbourg flying field, and rose into the air for the first lap of its less than six-day flight across Europe and Asia.

Since it was bright daylight, we needed no instruments to guide us. We kept along the seacoast until we came to the mouth of the Seine, and then followed the river to Paris.

Below us were the incredibly small, incredibly green farms of the French peasants. From previous journeys, I know this country well. Although now I was able to get only a lightning glimpse of the land, my eager imagination provided what my eyes missed. From the air, the intensely cultivated plots of land were like bright, tidy pocket handkerchiefs laid out in symmetrical rows. Through the green countryside, white roads twisted like gleaming snakes. On the roads, motor cars darted back and forth like flattened insects, and sometimes whole lines of these impatient insects were held up, perhaps by an old horse pulling a cart full of vegetables. Frequently we would pass

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groups of little houses hunched together like pygmy villages. Old châteaux, some in ruiñs, dozed along the river, adding to the melancholy beauty of the warm afternoon. High in the air we caught none of the native gayety of France; or perhaps, the countryside seemed melancholy because it reflected the mood of two adventurers who seemed baffled at the very start of their journey. We were five hours late.

At thirty-five minutes past three we saw a gaunt black outline against the sky. In a few seconds we were able to identify the Eiffel Tower. The church spires became larger and nearer and more numerous. Our hearts beat fast. We were nearing Paris.

At ten minutes to four, Collyer made a beautiful landing on Le Bourget flying field where Lindbergh had landed thirteen months before.

Immediately a crowd gathered around us. Officers of the field and newspaper correspondents made us welcome, while the unofficial bystanders cheered in French and English.

We had no more than consigned the "City of New York" to the mechanics who were to com-

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pletely fill our gas tanks than we started out at breakneck speed for the Rue de Chaillot to call on Ambassador Herrick. And now for the first time I fully realized the danger of our undertaking. It was not the prospect of flying about the malignant Ural ranges, nor the menace of the bleak, endless steppes, nor the specter of belligerent Manchuria that appalled me . . . but the hazards of driving through the mad streets of Paris in the crazy Buick owned and operated by the pleasant, but utterly reckless, Cecil Turner.

Turner, who is foreign representative of the Fairchild Company, is a great pilot, but as a chauffeur, he is not to be trusted. But if he had been the only insane driver in Paris, I should not have been so alarmed. But every taxi chauffeur and every car owner seems to be afflicted with the same mania. They talk of the restlessness of Americans. We are leisurely compared with Parisian drivers. They seem to have no traffic laws whatever. Every one drives as fast as he wishes and no one ever thinks of driving at less than forty-five miles an hour.

We arrived without injury in the Rue de

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Chaillot, where our first duty was to call at that gracious white house that shelters the American Embassy. Here we were received not only with warmth and friendliness, but with an American efficiency that took cognizance of the rapidly passing moments. From there we hurried to the office of the Prefect of the Seine, M. Paul Boujou, to whom we had a letter from Mayor Walker of New York:

"Honored Sir: It is my very great pleasure to introduce to you Mr. John Henry Mears and Captain Charles B. D. Collyer of New York, who are engaged, as you may know, in an endeavor to circumnavigate the earth in the airplane 'City of New York,' in the fastest time the journey has ever been made by any means of travel.

"Mr. Mears formerly held the record for going around the earth by steamship and train in thiry-five days, less than half the time of eighty days set fancifully by M. Jules Verne in his famous story. In the present instance Messrs. Mears and Collyer are using steamships and an airplane in their effort.

"I bespeak for these gentlemen your cour-

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tesies and I send you herewith my warm personal greetings. I shall be glad to learn from your hand that these greetings have reached you safely in the care of these voyageurs, whose effort has the blessing and best wishes of the people of the City of New York, for which their airplane is named.

"Cordially and sincerely yours,

"JAMES J. WALKER."

When we had left the Prefecture and were headed again toward Le Bourget, we decided to risk a few moments for an unofficial errand. On the Avenue de l'Opéra is a café famous for its beer and its hors d'œuvres. The place was crowded with laughing young women and their debonair escorts whose leisurely mood contrasted sharply with our tense desire for speed. We lingered for only a few moments under the bright awning, then we were in the Buick again, dashing up boulevards, skidding down side streets, turning corners on two wheels, on every block escaping collision with the ridiculous one-passenger taxis that darted out at every crossing, hurrying from the angry diatribes

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showered on us by the old, silk-hatted drivers of fiacres.

The Cours de la Reine is a magnificent boulevard with carefully tended lawns and trees cropped to meticulous symmetry, but we had hardly a glance for the lovely result of years of patient labor. Our eyes were on watches as we raced north and east toward Le Bourget. Here we paused to pay respectful tribute to the memorial of Coli and Nungesser and to salute the monument marking the historic landing of our countryman, Charles Lindbergh.

It was exactly six o'clock when we took off from that famous flying field. We had covered exactly 3,867 miles since we left the Battery on the morning of June 29th. But we were still six hundred miles from Berlin, our goal that night.

In the twilight we flew over the Marne country, still bearing the scars of four years of terrific fighting. Dimly we saw fields white with crosses. Indistinctly, for it was growing dark, we could discern deserted villages, eloquent ghosts of once busy towns. Between the green fields were great black

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patches of ground that would have to be cleared of shells before they could be cultivated.

Even with its grim memories the country was beautiful. As the daylight faded, we could tell the towns only by the cheerful clusters of light. We crossed over Belgium into Germany. Later we saw the Rhine glistening darkly below and on its high, sloping shores the great bulky castles, about which so many melancholy romances have been written. As we flew by, lights went on in narrow windows, and my mind made pictures of peaceful German families sitting down to dinner.

Between its high slopes the Rhine twists and turns. The forests on their high hills made black velvet shadows in the restless water. The beauty of the trip in the quiet evening compensated somewhat for the less pleasant happenings at the end of the journey. For our first day on European soil did not end without another adventure.

It was after nine o'clock and we were still more than three hundred miles from Berlin. But we were both so weary after the strenuous excitement of our first day in Europe that we let the bright lights of Cologne's flying field lure us to rest in the

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city of the famous cathedral. It was exactly 9:35, and the moon, our smirking enemy, providing such bright light that we hardly needed the flying field's brilliant beacons to guide us in landing.

Within two minutes we learned that our weakness in yielding to the temptations of Cologne's inviting beacons had been most unfortunate. Hardly had we come to a stop when we were surrounded by a flock of flying field officials and policemen.

None of them looked like friends. There were frowns where we had expected smiles. By no stretch of the most optimistic imagination could their stiff salutations be termed greeting. They lost no time in showing us the reason for their attitude.

A captain stepped up to me, while the officers without so much as a word of apology were examining every nut and screw on the plane, and ejaculated:

"By what right are you flying over German territory?"

We promptly displayed our passports and papers, but they did not seem to register effectively.

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We obligingly informed these dear friends that we had permission to fly over Germany and were bound for Berlin. We showed them a copy of a cablegram that Ambassador Schurman had sent the State Department at Washington advising that the German Government had granted us this permission. This was all dolled up with red ribbon and a gold seal and I felt that it should impress any one, but not these gentlemen. We might as well have been talking to department store dummies. They listened woodenly, examined our papers and their round, pink faces showed that they were totally unconvinced. I am sure they were certain that we were a couple of Chicago gunmen who had dropped from the skies.

As usual, my brain was a dozen catastrophes ahead of our present predicament. Passports and permits that had seemed such cheerful signs of welcome now lost their sense of authenticity. I saw us detained as prisoners in Cologne while officials in Berlin conferred on our right to fly across German territory. I saw another day wasted, the critical day, if lost, that would make it impossible

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for us to arrive in Yokohama for the sailing of the *Empress of Russia.*

The moon grinned down upon us as we walked across the field and into the operations office, where one of the officers immediately went to the telephone. I do not understand German so I could not tell what he was saying. I only know that centuries passed while he sat at an oak desk with a telephone instrument in his right hand.

It took half an hour for the Berlin authorities to convince the Cologne officials that we were friendly visitors, flying across Germany with the full sanction of the government. And even then, the police were not satisfied. They held us while they searched our baggage, and were smugly triumphant when they discovered Collyer's revolver.

Followed long conferences in German. Again I was apprehensively foreseeing detention, our sleeping in a stuffy police station, the losing of precious hours of to-morrow's daylight while the business of a police trial was negotiated. But they decided to let us off if Collyer gave up the pistol, and we were permitted to go to the Hotel Dom.

We had only a few hours for sleep, for we had

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those lost six hours to make up, and we wanted to leave the flying field at four in the morning. It seemed that we had hardly closed our eyes when there was a knock on the door and a thick German voice informed us that it was "drei Uhr."

Sleepily we emerged from under our thick eider-down covers. After a couple of cups of good German coffee we hurried to the flying field. Here we found several police officers awaiting us. But their mood had changed with the daylight. Now they addressed us as distinguished visitors and spoke with great regret of having inconvenienced us the night before. Bowing deeply and clicking his heels with military elegance, one of the officers handed Collyer his pistol.

It was exactly eight minutes past four when we rose over the Cologne flying field. The sun was coming up like molten fire in the east. We were almost blinded. Collyer piloted the "City of New York" without being able to see what was ahead. He kept looking back into the morning mists to see how we were headed. A tail wind, which our little mascot had provided, perhaps, carried us along nicely on the three-hundred-mile stretch.

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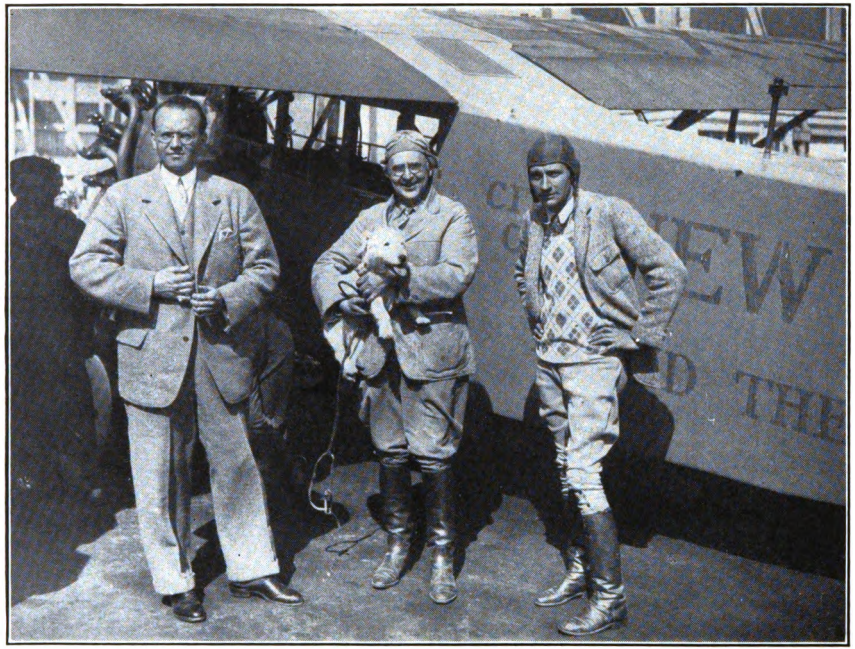

American flyers arrive in Paris. Captain Alexander von Bismarck, German Ace and grandson of Marshal von Bismarck, Mr. Mears and Tailwind and Captain Collyer.

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We did not know that this friendly wind was the forerunner of a storm headed east, on the wings of which we were to ride into Russia.

Soon after our start a curious thing happened. I got wind of it from Collyer who was studying the compass with amazement. I looked at the instrument and saw the needle moving in a crazy dance from pole to pole. Never had I seen a compass act like this before. I was terrified. If we could not depend upon a compass, how were we to fly at night and through clouds and mists and fog? Here it was bright morning when flying should have been easy, and we were lost. With the sun dazzling our eyes and the compass behaving in this manner, we had no way to tell where we were.

Then suddenly I saw Collyer's face relax into a grin, and remembered, too, the warning of the German airmen at Cologne who had told us that we would fly over iron mines which would play havoc with the influence of the north magnetic pole.

We managed to locate ourselves on the map, and we headed toward the Hartz Mountains,

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whence come the famous canary singers, but where we encountered nothing but heavy mists and bumpy air which made our journey more difficult.

Later we were able to see more clearly, and we sighted the River Elbe, winding briskly through heavily wooded hills. When we came to the country that was less forest than farmyard, we saw big grainfields much more like the farming country of America than rural France which is divided into small farms and devoted to the growing of vegetables and garden products. For miles along the river we would look down upon the rich, dark foliage of grape vines, for this is the country that provides so many of the good light wines of Germany. Of course, I only judged them to be grape vines.

When we saw a group of lakes sparkling below us, we were sure we were nearing Berlin. We had been in the air three and one-half hours now, which was exactly half an hour longer than it should have taken us to make the capital. But we saw nothing that looked like a city.

Worried, we decided to land. Collyer circled around several fields, flying low enough to see

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whether carts had left any ruts in the soil, for we could afford to take no chances of landing in soft, muddy earth. We remembered how Clarence Chamberlin and Charles Levine had become mired on a farm near Berlin.

We picked out a smooth-looking field, and came down gently. Suddenly we heard shouting and saw a ruddy-faced farmer running toward us, waving his arms. Back of him were three little boys, blond and fat, all shouting. And then two little girls, their aprons flying, their yellow pig-tails flapping behind them, their shrill, childish voices raised in excitement. A whole flock of geese waddled with self-important haste from the barnyard. They, too, were adding their raucous cries to this Teutonic bedlam.

The crowd of them stood around and watched with the greatest interest every move we made. I opened the door and Tail Wind leaped out and, ecstatic with the sense of freedom, started chasing a fat, gray goose through the field. Two little boys went shouting after him.

I asked the farmer if he spoke English. I expected to hear some "Gott in Himmels" and "Don-

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nerwetters" from the old boy whose hayfield had been considerably torn up by our landing. But his genial face spread into a grin and he shook his head reassuringly. We took it to mean that we were welcome in the hayfield, but as far as conversation was concerned, he was as helpless as we.

After much gesticulation, he conveyed to us the idea that we were to stay in the hayfield while he went for assistance. He puffed out of the field, through a gate and out of sight behind his red-roofed house. Boys, girls, geese and Tail Wind went dashing after him. In spite of our anxious desire for haste, Collyer and I started laughing.

We heard shouts, then, and our attention was called to the road up the hill where the farmer and his brood were conversing with a newcomer. We scrambled through the field and over a couple of fences and found our friends gathered around an unbelievably tall man, resting beside a bicycle. The farmer talked to him in German, the children shrieked, Tail Wind barked, and Collyer and I displayed our maps and repeated "Berlin! Berlin! Berlin!"

The cyclist was not an advanced student of

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English, but we were able to make him understand that we wanted to know the way to Berlin. He took our maps, studied them closely, and then with his long finger traced our route to the capital. Evidently he had been an officer in the army, for he was precise and intelligent in his reading of the map. Then we said "Dankeschön!" to the cyclist and to our farmer and his family, and took off for Berlin. As we rose, I looked back and saw the farmer, his three sons, his two daughters and his flock of geese gazing with awe at the two airmen who had torn up their hayfield, but who had brought a few moments of excitement into their peaceful lives.

"Will we ever reach Berlin?" we asked ourselves as our machine hovered over these peaceful farms. We had lost time on every flight. We were still seeking the city we should have left at daylight. Thus far in our journey we had had only discouragement.

Should we ever reach Berlin?

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CHAPTER SEVEN

SHARPLY etched in the brilliant morning sunlight was a city of low, gray stone buildings laid out in neat square blocks. Here and there bright rectangles of green punctuated the grayness, calling attention to some heavy state building or some lofty-spired church.

What a relief! Late, hungry and dispirited at the thought of the time lost, I rejoiced at my first sight of Berlin. I felt that our safe arrival at the German capital was a sign that Providence had taken our side, and that henceforth we were to have no more delays. Later that day I learned that optimism is as futile as worry. We made progress only in one direction . . . we continued to lose time.

At last the great, arched hangars and the smooth acres of the Tempelhof Field lay below us. It was nine o'clock, July 6, when we arrived at the Berlin flying field. My first words to Collyer when the motor stopped roaring were: "Nothing's going to

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stop us now. From this moment we're starting to make up for lost time."

Collyer only smiled.

We did not take much time to acknowledge greetings at the field, nor to discuss our credentials. After we had our papers back in our possession, we stepped into an automobile and tore off toward the city. We jumped out of the machine at the American Embassy where we were most cordially received by Ambassador Jacob Gould Schurman.

Misers of moments, we were counting the seconds spent at the Embassy, but we were glad to answer the interested questions put to us by the kind Ambassador. He was full of information about the Orient.

"If you should change your route," he said, "or should get carried off your line of travel to Peking, I wish you would drop down and convey my love to my daughters and my best wishes to the American Colony, among whom I spent four years as Minister."

I wondered if the ticking of my watch seemed as loud to Ambassador Schurman as it seemed to my straining ears.

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The members of Dr. Schurman's staff were at the door of the reception room, waiting to meet us. We shook hands with all of them. By this time I felt that every moment stretched into an eternity. When farewells had been said, I nodded to Collyer and we left the Embassy, running like a couple of boys late for school.

The Russian Embassy may have been only two squares away, but, as I recall, it seemed about forty miles. At every corner we were stopped by policemen who did not realize that the two flying-clad strangers could not be kept waiting for mere traffic signals. The great white boulevards of Berlin are clean as the kitchens of the good German housewives, and the policemen are as smart and dignified as army officers. But in these safe, comfortable streets, I longed for the mad rush of Paris traffic, where at least you get to places quickly.

At the Russian Embassy workmen were busy cleaning the façade and a ladder was propped against the building. Under the ladder we went, knocking superstition to the four winds. Perhaps we should not have been so reckless.

The Russian officials were waiting to receive us,

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exquisitely polite, eager to assure us that we would be quite welcome in their country. While we listened to their speeches, our thoughts were at the Tempelhof Field, where the "City of New York" was waiting, cleaned and refueled for flight. When one of the officials, assuring us that everything was quite ready, took from a cabinet six long sheets of paper, I thought that we should be able to pocket our visas and go.

"You will," said the official, bowing again, "kindly fill out these papers." He handed three sheets to Collyer and three to me. Then some one else showed us desks where we could write comfortably. And how we needed comfort at the moment! For these were the longest questionnaires we had ever seen, and each one had to be filled out in triplicate.

Cursing lustily under my breath, I wrote in three places that Timothy C. Mears had been born in Waterford, Ireland, and that Frances Elizabeth Green had first seen the light of day in Boston, Massachusetts. And about ninety-nine other questions of equal importance.

There was a blank space on the questionnaire,

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and this, our interpreter explained, was to be filled with photographs. Since we were not movie actors, we carried no pictures, and had to hurry out in search of a photographer. When time is very precious the smallest actions take on an importance all out of proportion to their real significance. I counted the minutes it would take to walk downstairs, get into the cab, explain our purpose to the driver, move through traffic, locate the photographer, mount his steps, explain our exact needs, have the pictures taken, and repeat the whole process in bringing our pictures back to the Russian Embassy. At a time like this, the swiftest and most intelligent people seem awkward and stupid. I thought that photographer would never press the bulb of his old-fashioned camera.

With the pictures of two desperate criminals safely pasted on the documents in the Russian Embassy, we hurried under the ladder for the fourth time that day. Our next need was food for ourselves and Tail Wind, who had been frolicking in the streets of Berlin under the care of our eager and delighted taxi-driver. When we tried to explain that we wanted food and water for our

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dog, the man explained that Tail Wind had been fed. So we went to the Hotel Adlon for a noon breakfast of ham and eggs, and great, fat seidels of dark, foaming beer, icy cold. When we started for Tempelhof I took with me four bottles of the precious fluid for we were both in a state where we would need comfort on the next hop.

As we were leaving the hotel some one said, "Hello, John!" It was Morton Downey, the golden-voiced tenor and a fellow Lamb. It seemed good to meet a pal in this foreign city. He accompanied us back to the field.

The plane was ready. But instead of making an immediate start, we were delayed once more. With that storm headed east, we could take no chances with the weather. We spent another half hour studying charts.

The last person to bid us farewell in Berlin was Dr. Adolph Davidoff, Director of the Russo-German Airline, Deruluft, who gave us every assurance that we would receive the utmost co-operation along the line in Russia and Siberia.

We needed it. We needed a lot more than coöperation, if we were going to make Yokohama

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before our boat sailed. When we left the Tempelhof Field, it was two o'clock. We were now twelve hours behind schedule!

After circling the field and dipping in salute, Collyer pointed the nose of the ship toward Koenigsberg in East Prussia. We were heading toward Russia, where we hoped to make up lost time. Our intention had been to fly direct from Berlin to Smolensk so as to cut off many miles by avoiding the regular air route via Riga. This was dangerous. From a Russian flier at Tempelhof, Collyer had learned that the Russian-Polish border was forbidden all airplanes.

"You'll get shot," he had said, "if you attempt to cross the border in a direct line. Any plane passing over that section is likely to be fired on from either side of the border. Take my advice and go the long way."

But time was so precious that we decided to take the risk; and Collyer cheerfully assured me that we might fly high enough to keep out of range of the guns.

The country we flew over that afternoon was the least interesting we had seen. The land was

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flat, there were few forests and not so many villages. Below us stretched monotonous green fields, more like the corn fields of Illinois or the wheat fields of Minnesota and not so full of interest to the hurrying American. I doubt, however, if any scenery, magnificent or exotic, could have held my attention. I was concentrating on a single problem . . . how to make up the twelve hours we had lost. In my restlessness it seemed that the "City of New York" was moving at the pace of a one-hoss shay. Actually, she was winging through the air at the rate of 110 miles an hour.

We had been in the air about three and a half hours when we saw the vivid blue of water below. We were on the edge of the Baltic Sea. The "City of New York" circled low. We saw a city on the water's edge, and we knew we had come to Koenigsberg.

The throbbing of our motor had advertised our coming long before we landed. The flag and the name painted on our wings told our identity. When we landed, a crowd had assembled in the fine flying field, and there were lusty shouts of welcome. The Commandant of the field stepped

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forward, introduced himself and announced he had competent mechanics ready to work on the "City of New York," while a corps of young women was waiting to clean the cabin of the ship. I thanked him, protesting. We had no time to wait in Koenigsberg. We had four hundred miles more to fly that night.

The Commandant shook his head ominously. He summoned a number of pilots, with whom he conferred in German about our project. Finally he explained in his halting, careful English that the territory was dangerous for flying, that the Smolensk field was not lighted at night and that it would be to the American fliers' advantage to remain in Koenigsberg until morning.

We were both so tired and hungry that we listened gratefully to the Commandant's advice. We decided that a few hours' sleep would give us the energy we needed for this arduous four hundred miles. Collyer's throat, which had begun to give him trouble while we were on the *Olympic,* was now badly inflamed and very painful. He was not willing to let our plans be influenced by his tonsils, but I decided it would be better to have a doctor

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look at his throat before we went further. Charlie needed all his energy for the flights ahead. We not only had four more days of hard traveling before us, according to schedule, but we had twelve lost hours to make up by steady flying.

The Commandant was triumphant. Happily he summoned his men, who immediately began work servicing the plane, while his scrubwomen began dipping their sponges into the waiting pails of water.

We were accompanied by a corps of delighted airmen to a restaurant on the field, where we ate sauerbraten and potato pancakes. While we were eating, we saw a most extraordinary individual enter the restaurant. Certainly he did not seem at home in this town. His clothes suggested Sears-Roebuck; his tan shoes and derby hat were unmistakably American.

He sauntered over to our table. His first question was about Chicago. When I told him that I had once lived in Chicago, he pulled a chair over to our table and sat down. Within ten minutes we were his best friends and had listened to liberal advice about staying in Koenigsberg over night.

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"If I was you," he moaned, "I'd get out of this dump when I had the chance. Look at me, stuck here. . . ."

Poor Bill Sullivan! He had been born in Chicago and never traveled east of Gary in all his fifty-five years. Then he met a woman, a buxom German, whose plight aroused his pity, since she could not speak nor understand a word of English. Gallantly, Bill offered to teach her. Night after night, they rode on the giant Michigan Avenue motor-buses while Bill tried to teach the lady that the Tribune Tower was a *building* and the restless water a lake. She could not learn. The English words would not form correctly on her lips. To communicate with her Bill had to learn German. He was a bright scholar. Within three months he was able to put into understandable German a proposal of marriage.

But even the love of a good man and the companionship of her linguist husband did not satisfy Frau Sullivan. She pined for Koenigsberg where her daughter owned a fine restaurant. If Bill took her back to Germany, she pleaded, he would not have to do another day's work in his life. To Bill,

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Pass me Please
Chocolate &
Coffee was
afraid to eat much
Russian food.

My throat is
hurting like Hell
Could you push
out the cognac from
my kit please?

Notes written by Collyer to Mears on flight across Siberia.

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who had been working for the American Express Company for thirty-five years, this sounded like a glorious vacation.

When Bill Sullivan told us his story that night, he had been in Koenigsberg about a month. His German vocabulary which had seemed so comprehensive in Chicago was pitifully inadequate. His wife's promise that he should not have to work had been kept, much to Bill's disgust. While his wife and her daughter labored ceaselessly in the restaurant, Bill hung around the flying field, hoping that in one of the planes that swooped from the sky would be an aviator who could speak English.

We came as an answer to his prayers. And he told us wistfully how he longed for the American Express Company.

Lugubrious as was Bill's warning, we did not heed his advice. We went from the flying field to the Berliner, where we dined in our rooms and waited for the doctor.

The physician was a pompous, gray-haired German, true to the, now discarded, traditions of his profession in that he wore a long, full beard. He

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took Collyer's temperature, timed his pulse and sprayed his throat. Then he advised us it would be better if Charlie stayed in bed all the next day and perhaps the day after.

"Ja," said Charlie submissively. The physician beamed and assured us he would call again in the morning.

At eleven o'clock I turned out the lights and stretched my tired body under the warm blankets. Collyer, who had gone to bed fifteen minutes earlier, was sound asleep. It seemed that only a minute or two had passed when we were awakened by a thunderous pounding on the door. We heard the key turn in the lock and two men entered.

They were hotel servants who had been ordered to arouse us and see that we rose at half an hour after midnight. Sleepily we protested at their invasion of our sleeping chambers, but they had been given orders and they meant to obey them. By one o'clock we were back at the flying field, and at two we took the air for Moscow, capital of all the Soviet Russias.

We were now fifteen hours behind schedule.

Our ship glistened from its thorough grooming

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at the hands of the kindly and courteous Koenigsbergers. Not a pfennig would they accept for their work. The Commandant of the field had expressed the German aviators' feeling for us when he said:

"After the treatment accorded the Bremen fliers in America and especially in New York City, the very least we German aviators can do is to show our appreciation. I am only sorry, gentlemen, that I cannot do more for you while you are here."

The night was clear and cool. The fresh tang of the northern breezes aroused us from that heavy state of sleepy lethargy which had persisted from our interrupted nap. Clear-headed and ambitious, we started our third day's hop, determined to make up within the next eighteen hours half of the time we had lost.

We were borne off on wings of some supergod, it seemed, propelled by the exaggerated humming of a fabulous wasp. We experienced the sensation of being shot eight hundred miles into that land of clinging mystery and sadness. This eerie feeling was heightened, and perhaps suggested, by the fact that we did not start off in outright dark-

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ness, but rather in a dim twilight, a summer nighttime characteristic of those latitudes.

The imaginative traveler entering Russia always experiences, I think, an inexplicable spiritual depression, and there was a tinge of it in the air that night with Collyer and me and even quiet Tail Wind, curled in a seat with his bright eyes slowly looking about. I used the word *depression,* but perhaps *oppression* more aptly describes the feeling.

In the onrush of events connected with our dash across this widest expanse of land between the Atlantic and the Pacific, I do not recollect ever having mentioned the subject to Captain Collyer, but I daresay he will never forget that awesome morning ride down the sky into Russia.

The domes, pinnacles and gray masses of buildings in settings of summer greens finally lay below us as we picked our way above the great Russian capital. Collyer sought out and found the landing field for himself, but he need not have looked, for two Soviet Army scout planes dashed up to meet us, dipped in salute, and led the way.

We were delighted by this display of friendli-

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ness. Collyer circled the field with a true airman's sense of dramatic flourish and came down to a landing as smooth as a fly in a bowl of cream. It was 10 A.M.

Beacons were burning. A crowd waited eagerly for us to alight. As we stepped from the plane, a great crowd surrounded us, cheering, talking excitedly in the strange, liquid syllables that are so alien to our ears. Through an interpreter we learned that the crowds had waited, and the beacons burned through the night, so that we should not find a dark or lonely field if we arrived in the hours of darkness.

Army officers hastened toward us and greeted us warmly. Their voices were cordial with welcome. They told us how they had spent the night scanning the skies, and how they had worried about our safety, how they had visualized all sorts of dismal catastrophes for us in attempting to cross the restricted Russian-Polish border.

There was a quality to our reception by the Soviet officials and by the local and foreign press at Moscow that made it stand out as an unforgettable occasion. We were so deeply touched by

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their warmth and friendliness that we felt the messages of thanks we spoke to the interpreter were pitifully inadequate.

Ten minutes after our landing, the plane was covered with mechanics and student aviators, swarming about it like bees about a hive. All were eager to assist in the refueling and servicing so that they could inspect every minute part of the American plane. We had been proud of the "City of New York" since we had made our first trial flights, but now we regarded her as proud parents regard a prodigy, and we listened joyously to the interpreters' labored efforts to translate the officers' enthusiastic comments.

Of all the places on our long and swift journey that Collyer and I really wanted to see—and I had not been in Russia since my globe-girdling race of 1913—it was Moscow under the Soviet régime. We had read of the experiences of Will Rogers and Theodore Dreiser in Russia and, of course, we wanted to see things for ourselves.

But the city was some miles from the flying field, and although the Russian officers were eager to escort us through the capital, we did not suc-

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cumb to this temptation. For we were seventeen hours late!

We had no time for sight-seeing, no time for listening to speeches of welcome, only the slimmest schedule for hours of rest. There are long miles between Moscow and Yokohama, miles where the very air is thick with danger. We had lost seventeen hours during the easiest and most peaceful stretch of our trip. Now we were at the beginning of the most uncertain and hazardous days of our race with the moon. We would need the moon's aid if we were to make the steamer at Yokohama, for our original schedule, which had been planned to avoid night flying, had to be disregarded.

Although we had enjoyed but an hour and a half of sleep the night before, when already on short rations of slumber, there was no time now for resting. We fortified ourselves with the luncheon served by our zealous hosts, at the flying field, and relaxed while we listened to their speeches of welcome. They made long speeches, which the interpreter painstakingly explained to us. Some of the Russian officers drank tea in tall glasses,

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others took vodka, and all toasted us in the excellent champagne which had been provided for this celebration.

Conversation and luncheon had taken three hours, and we were impatient to be off. We explained to our courteous hosts that we had a record to make and could not afford to take further advantage of their hospitality.

Our camera, which had been sealed in the Russian Embassy in Berlin, had been turned over to authorities on our arrival in Moscow. In Berlin we had been told that in Moscow the seals would be broken and we would be allowed to take pictures. Nothing had been said by the friendly officials about the enforcement of the regulations which prohibits using cameras in Russia, and we supposed that the information given us in Berlin was authentic. But now we discovered that the Moscow officials had placed a second seal on the camera.

Nothing was said about the incident. We thanked our hosts for their extraordinary courtesy and assured them that American aviators should

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learn of the friendliness with which they are regarded by Russian fliers.

Thick caviar sandwiches, bottles of beer and mineral water had been placed in the plane by our Russian friends. Weather reports were ready for Collyer. Last farewells were said, and we were truly regretful to leave the hosts who had been so cordial and friendly.

Collyer fired a red rocket as a parting salute to the two Soviet escort planes. Good-by, Moscow! We have more than five hundred miles to go before nightfall.

We are still seventeen hours behind our schedule.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

BELOW us were endless, shining acres of golden green; above, a friendly sky, flatly, dully blue. Mile after mile of table-flat country, neither interrupted by forests nor broken by hills. Occasionally I glanced down on broad rivers lolling lazily between the wheat fields, and sometimes little groups of dark shacks, clustering around a domed church that no longer sheltered the blessed ikon.

Charlie sat tight-mouthed and grim, his hands gripping the controls. Poor fellow, he had no chance to snatch a few winks of much-needed slumber. Although he had not mentioned it again, I knew he was painfully ill with tonsilitis. It was cold, and we had in the plane a bottle of cognac with which we planned to sip occasional warmth, but I had to forgo this luxury because Charlie needed it as a gargle. It seemed to relieve his throat.

There were no landmarks to guide us, so we flew by compass that third afternoon. And exactly as

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we expected, we came to the broad, slow-moving Volga.

On its banks is the city of Kazan. This was to be our last stop in Europe. Before we came to the flying field, however, we had to detour about twenty-five miles to avoid the fortifications. When we made our landing, we were greeted by a lustily cheering crowd, among whom were several Soviet officials who had received word of our approach by telegraph.

It was seven o'clock Moscow time, eight o'clock according to their clocks in Kazan. We had made the hop from Moscow without losing any more time . . . but without gaining any, either. The seventeen black hours were still chalked up against us.

Kazan, a town of about one hundred and ninety-five thousand inhabitants, is a despondent looking place with evidences of poverty everywhere. The streets are narrow and badly lighted. Most of the houses are little better than shacks. Here we found a more typically Russian atmosphere than at the Moscow flying field, which had shown a cosmopolitan briskness. The people at Kazan were poorly

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dressed, some in the old style, the men in high boots and long coats, the women in wool petticoats with shawls around their shoulders and kerchiefs tied under their chins.

We had driven from the flying field to the town in an ancient Cadillac, one of the town's proudest possessions. The officers smiled and gesticulated energetically and gave every evidence of friendliness, but conversation was limited to the simplest phrases because their English was only a little more developed than our Russian.

Members of the reception committee took us to the principal hotel and we were shown to our rooms. While we were washing, we heard two timid knocks at the door. I went. Smiling as if he had been my best friend, a little, stooped Russian gentleman came into the room. He explained that he was a professor at the local university; that Count Leo Tolstoy was a student at this university from 1843 to 1847; and that he of all the town alone could speak English. He announced that he had come to inform us that our hosts tonight were members of the Kazan branch of the Osoaviachim.

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The Osoaviachim is the concrete expression of the Russian's passionate interest in aviation. A society, three million strong, it is supported by voluntary contributions from members. Its activities are colossal. In the buildings devoted to the social development of factory workers, whole rooms are devoted to airplanes, whole evenings given over to intense discussion of Russia's progress in aviation. Collections are organized by the Osoaviachim and large sums taken up in the streets of the big cities in support of the society.

It is remarkable, I think, in a country where two hundred and fifty rubles (about one hundred and twelve dollars now) is the maximum monthly salary, that the people should give so liberally to a cause of this nature. The workers' feeling for aviation is so intense, so personal, that their few hoarded kopecks are freely contributed to the fund for its development. They are unwilling to let their country fall behind the other great nations of the world in the progress of military and commercial flying.

The spirit back of this great society was evidenced in the welcome given to two American

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fliers on their record trip through Russia. Wherever we went we were treated with courtesy that arose from genuine interest in our project and sincere desire to aid our progress.

Our hosts in Kazan were not only cordial, they were extremely tactful. Seeing that both their visitors were exhausted, they did not ask us to eat a large dinner and listen to long speeches in a tongue we could not understand. Graciously they assured us of our welcome, and then let us go to our rooms. Dinner was brought upstairs to us. It was a very good, simple dinner of meat, potatoes, black bread and white wine.

We turned in at 11:30, but were up again at 1. Fifteen minutes later we piled into the Cadillac, and were on our way back to the air station under the escort of our friends of the aviation society committee, who had stayed up to wait for us.

The moon shone down sternly as though disapproving the audacious gesture of two humans trying to break her century-old record.

We found our plane under guard of a competent squad of soldiers. The gas tanks had been filled. Just as the dawn was breaking, we were in the

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air again, headed toward Kourgan, seven hundred and four miles away.

It was cold, so cold that I thought we should never be warm again. This was a mild summer morning for Kazan, but it seemed very desolate and chilly to us. No mother ever worried more over an only child than I did about Collyer. His throat was so painful now that he could eat no solid food, and he was beginning to show the effects of the straining days and of these long nights without sleep. He was determined to drive on in spite of pain and fatigue, and he tried, in a voice as harsh as a crow's, to assure me that he felt great. Neither of us spoke of failure, but in our minds lingered the thought that there were seventeen hours to make up, and only four days to do it. We were still 6,000 miles from Yokohama. If we failed to arrive by noon on July 12th, the *Empress of Russia* would sail without us. And there would be no other way for us to cross the Pacific in time to make our record.

Violent storms were following us eastward. Now we had two competitors in our race. The moon had an ally in the violent storms headed

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east, and as we left Kazan we knew we must fly faster than the wind.

Fast as we rushed forward, we seemed to be making little headway. Below us stretched never-ending fields insolently bright in the clear sunlight. The monotony of the landscape added to our restlessness. The intoxicating sense of power I had experienced during my first two days of flight had entirely deserted me now. I felt small, impotent, as I sat idle and imprisoned in the cabin of that frail structure that had once seemed such a proud, pioneer vessel. I felt that we could never make our goal, and that it would be just as good to turn and fly westward again as to continue the journey toward the east.

I was in a state sodden with depression when I looked below again and saw that the plains had grown into hills, and that ahead of us the hills were rising higher and higher. We passed over vast tracts of uncultivated land, dark, unsmiling forests, and wild, rocky hillsides. The wind blew more shrilly, the sun's brilliance was dimmed by masses of menacing clouds forming and reforming into massive, dark silhouettes, as they rushed eastward.

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When we saw against the sky ahead, dark, rugged patterns of mountains, we knew we were almost across our first continent. We had come to the Urals, the great range that divides Europe from Asia.

The Urals are magnificent. Tall, powerful, cruel, they stand a rugged guard between east and west, rigidly separating the peoples of the two great continents. They seemed to frown on us as we flew toward them, audacious creatures in a ridiculous contraption designed by man to overcome the everlasting elements of time and height and distance. They are not high, like our Rockies, but from the flier's point of view extremely dangerous, as their rugged heights send up strong air currents. On account of the low-hanging clouds, Collyer cut in and out among the canyons.

As we curved through the mountain passes, over the valleys and between the peaks, we heard the wind moaning more desolately and felt the force of the windstorm. The angry air currents tossed us about, played with us and hurled us through the dense canyons. Great, furious gusts of wind wailing like multitudes of ghosts rushed against

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us, creating such resistance that we were almost pushed back toward Europe. Our plane was like a canoe on a raging sea.

There were moments when we expected to be dashed against the frowning mountain walls. There were moments when we were pushed and hurled so swiftly out of our course that we were sure we should never move forward again. Collyer was groping his way through the narrow gulleys, and when they grew too narrow and the rocky walls too menacing, he zoomed upward almost in perpendicular line, piercing the ceiling of gray fog that hung so low and so heavy. Unable to see a yard ahead of us, a yard behind, a yard above or below, we kept moving crazily, jerking along, using all our small power to battle the tempestuous elements.

The look of grim determination that had been on Collyer's face while we flew peacefully over the dull wheatfields had been erased during the conflict. Now he was smiling. Smiling defiantly as he swung into his single-handed battle with the elements. He was more than a pilot now. He was a soldier, a brave little David, aiming his sling at a mammoth, treacherous Goliath.

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If it had not been for this fighting spirit of Collyer's and for his uncanny skill in handling his plane in these terrifying circumstances, we should have been lying that night at the foot of some bowlder in the Urals instead of in a comfortable bed in Novo-Sibirsk.

Novo-Sibirsk was not our first stop in Siberia. We were still seven hundred miles from that city when we descended for fuel and supplies at Kourgan. It was shortly after nine o'clock when we arrived at the flying field there. We were both amazed when we looked at our watches, for we had not realized that we were averaging almost a hundred miles an hour during our hazardous flight through the mountains.

We were no less pleasantly welcomed in our first Asiatic city than we had been in Europe. When we landed in Kourgan, several thousand people were gathered to greet us at the field and they showed tremendous interest in the plane with its American colors and its enormous slogan, "Round the World." They were ready to accept us as friendly messengers from the great republic beyond the seas, and heartily desirous of showing

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their appreciation of our coming. The plane, which they so eagerly inspected, was, in spite of its recent ordeal, in perfect condition.

The Commandant of the district delivered a formal invitation for luncheon in town, but Collyer decided it would be better for him to stay at the field and supervise the servicing of the plane. As friendly as were the intentions of our zealous hosts, we knew that if we left the "City of New York" entirely in their care, they would very likely spend the next few hours studying American aircraft construction, and that we should have to wait for the necessary work to be done. We were both nervous and eager to be off. The thrill of conquest was in our blood now. We had come safely through the storm. We were eager now to continue our race. With one breath we were thanking Providence that our lives had been spared, and with the next, we asked each other how many hours we could make up that day. For, obviously, we had gained that morning.

We had crossed our first continent now. We had flown over our first great mountain range. But we were still fourteen hours behind schedule. We

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had only seventy-eight hours left in which to cross the world's widest continent.

It would have been discourteous as well as undiplomatic to rebuff the proffered hospitality of the friendly townspeople, and so while Collyer stayed at the field, I boarded an old Locomobile and with an escort of officers started for town. It was raining heavily and the road was muddy and full of deep ruts. We had gone but a mile when our car became mired and we all had to climb out and trudge along the road.

There were no other vehicles in sight, and the officers were apologizing profusely when we heard a creaking, and from a crossroads came an old horse-drawn droshky driven by a whiskered, melancholy coachman. The officers hailed him. He nodded sadly. They shouted. He turned the corner and started in the opposite direction. One of the officers started after him, shouting in what I imagine were not the most complimentary terms in the Russian vocabulary. The old cabman stopped, while the officer stood in the mud gesticulating and speaking rapidly. I saw the officer dig into his pockets and hand something to the cabby.

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Then he mounted to the seat, took the reins in his own hands, and triumphantly brought the equipage back to our mudhole.

In the antique, springless vehicle, with its iron tires, we bumped over the ruts and into the town. I was shivering, as I had neither topcoat nor raincoat. The Commandant, seeing my plight, ordered the vehicle to stop, jumped to the road, took off his heavy overcoat and handed it to me. I tried to refuse, but there was no changing his mind. So, gratefully, I buttoned the heavy coat around my neck and threw out my chest because I was wearing a coat with an officer's insignia on the collar. As we passed along the road in the open coach, soldiers saw me and saluted.

We jolted four miles into Kourgan. It seemed like twenty. The town was not so different from Kazan, on the other side of the Urals, where we had spent the night. There were a few three- and four-story buildings, but most of the people lived in rude dwellings, little more than shacks. Everywhere there was evidence of poverty and suffering. The people wear clothes that are almost uniforms, and badly fitted, dull-colored uniforms, at that.

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This adds to the drabness of the streets. We were there in the middle of summer and the place seemed desolate. I shudder to think of it in winter, for this country suffers a bitter, sunless winter eight months long.

What strikes one hardest of all throughout Russia and Siberia is almost an entire absence of laughter. The people go about their work desperately, never smiling, never stopping to joke. At least, so it seemed to me. The spirit is sturdy determination. Later, when an officer asked me if I shared the American idea that the Russians were a gloomy race, and I answered in the affirmative, it was explained that it will probably take many years before this pall of gloom can be dispelled. Life is hard here, they assured me.

Tail Wind was impatient at the pace we traveled in the slow-moving droshky. He barked sullenly as we jolted over the unpaved streets, and when at last he was given his freedom, he ran down the street rapidly, pausing for a moment to sniff in every doorway, and then hurrying on as if he were seeking something. One of the officers managed to coax him back and another went into the kitchen

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of the principal restaurant and got some meat and water for him. While I washed away some of the stains of air travel, they fed him for me. Then we all went into the café and sat down at a festive table that had been laid for twenty.

The guests included the Commandant, the Chief of Police, members of the local Osoaviachim, newspapermen and several officials. All were deferential and courteous, but about the table there was an air of gravity, and none of the spontaneous hilarity we expect of such an affair in America.

The food was entirely new to me. I nibbled at some of the dishes merely to be polite, but I made my meal principally upon cold lamb and black bread. Of these I ate plentifully for I had not breakfasted that morning and I was ravenous after the nerve-racking experience of the journey through the mountains. The others, I noticed, ate heartily and with much enjoyment. Obviously this meal consisted of delicacies not enjoyed every day of the year in Kourgan.

There were many toasts drunk and many expressions of friendliness and good wishes. Long after I had finished what I considered an enormous meal,

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my hosts went on eating and drinking. I was growing very impatient. The drive into town had been slow. Speeches and their acknowledgments had taken time. The service was not the sort to which we who eat in lively American restaurants are accustomed. Surreptitiously I glanced at my watch. Then I looked at the faces of my hosts, so kind and generous and so childishly happy in their opportunity to show such hospitality to a stranger. I could not ask them to hurry. They went on making speeches. Waiters came bearing trays with more food and more wine. Dessert followed dessert. And still they went on eating!

I thought of Collyer waiting impatiently at the flying field. I thought of the "City of New York" poised for flight. I thought of the minutes ticking swiftly past, and of the long journey ahead that day. And I watched my hosts as they picked up knife and fork to cut their fruit, as they gravely tasted each morsel and slowly chewed each mouthful. I heard their gracious speeches and listened to the translation, and I wondered if there was not as much danger in entertainment as in fogs and storms for a man who was racing the moon.

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We had landed at Kourgan at nine. At twelve-fifteen I was still at the breakfast table. At last I told the interpreter to explain to these friends that I must start at once for the flying field. I watched their faces as he made this announcement. They were so regretful. They were so unhappy that they had detained me. Indeed, they had been selfish in supposing I should wish to stay in Kourgan when I should be racing toward Novo-Sibirsk. Fifteen minutes more were lost in apologies and farewells. Finally I was escorted from the restaurant.

One of the young newspaper men took a gold button from the lapel of his coat with the letters K-H-M on it in red enamel, and with a deep bow placed it in the lapel of my flying jacket. I later learned that it was the official button of the Young Communists' League. I don't know if that makes me a Bolshevist or an Elk, but I value it as a memento.

We walked a few blocks through the streets so I could see a little more of the city. In the Commandant's overcoat, I created quite a sensation among the natives of the town, and. I gathered

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that they thought a new chief was among them.

I carried with me some meat and cheese and white wine for Collyer, whom I found cross over my long absence and eager to be off. He had been ready to start for more than an hour and, of course, had considered it unpardonably extravagant of me to waste this hour of sunlight.

It was one o'clock when we took off from the field at Kourgan. Before us we had a seven-hundred-mile hop to Novo-Sibirsk. That was all we could humanly hope to make that day. And even if we made it, we should have accomplished only an ordinary day's flying, and not the extraordinary speed we needed to make up our lost time.

The lost hours now totaled fourteen. It was hard to make up the lost time on these short days. That was the penalty we were paying for flying eastward.

We arrived at Novo-Sibirsk at eight o'clock, twelve hours behind time. We had gained two more precious hours after seven hours of straight flying over the broad steppes. Bare hills and barren plains, long stretches of uncultivated land, small areas of farm country and then the bare

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hills and barren plains again. The peasant huts were like ant-hills below us, shaggy beneath their thatched roofs. We sailed peacefully through the blue twilight, thinking of the warm food and comfortable beds awaiting us at Novo-Sibirsk.

Torches were flaring on the fine field at Novo-Sibirsk, and as our motor ceased its noisy droning, we heard the mingling of many voices raised high in welcome. As we stepped from the cabin of the "City of New York," we saw officers of the field holding back the crowds who had come to welcome us. We were touched by the heartiness of the greeting and the eagerness of the crowd to extend hospitality to the wayfarers from a foreign country. And so we told them very simply that we had flown fifteen hours that day and were hungry and very, very tired.

The officer, who was evidently in command, nodded sadly. The members of his staff nodded sadly. The bystanders nodded sadly. We heard a babel of voices speaking the liquid Russian syllables. But not a voice did we hear whose inflections were familiar, not a word we could understand.

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We tried sign language. The officers and the citizens looked at us and nodded again, sadly. They made signs, too. We could not understand them any more than they could comprehend our needs. Every one was cordial and friendly, but the situation was hopeless. When the officer in command touched my elbow, nodded and pointed to an automobile, I understood that he wanted to escort us into town. Nodding and smiling to show our approval, we followed, leaving the mechanics to fill our tanks with gasoline and oil.

We could not ask questions about the city we were entering, so all of our impressions came from the sights that met our eyes. Even in the dim twilight we could see that Novo-Sibirsk is a far more impressive town than any we had encountered since we left Moscow. The buildings were taller, the streets wider. The people walked more rapidly and looked less desolate. The hotel was new and very clean, far superior to the hotel at Kazan. We were taken to our rooms where we washed in a splendid bathroom while our hosts stood in the hall outside and waited.

"See here, old boy," I said to our little mascot,

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"if these Siberians don't understand how a fellow feels after eight hours of flying, we'll go to bed hungry to-night." Tail Wind barked.

When we came out of our bedroom, we found the reception committee increased by a new member, a girl in a tight red dress with an extremely short skirt for Siberia. She was plump and gay, and her black eyes sparkled. She smiled and stooped to pet Tail Wind.

"Mascha wants to know if you are hungry," she said, pointing to the commanding officer.

I never heard a sweeter phrase come from a woman's lips.

The girl, who said her name was Nell, told us that she had come from San Francisco by way of Shanghai. She was a cabaret entertainer, thus new to Novo-Sibirsk, and that her talents had been known to the commanding officer when our reception was planned. That is why, she told us, she had not been included in the original committee; but she was ready to overlook this lapse of etiquette and act as official interpreter. The commanding officer looked at her so quizzically that I wondered what her social status was when

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there were no English-speaking visitors in town. But I asked no questions. Nell was good-natured and eager to supply information. She saw to it that we did not have to wait long for our meat and black bread, and after we had eaten, she took the officers away so that we could rest undisturbed. Her brisk, commanding manner made me feel like a little boy sent off to bed by a strong-willed mother.

Never in my boyhood did I imagine that I would be so pleased at being sent off to bed. I stretched out beside Collyer and in about five seconds was sound asleep. We had slept an hour and a half in Koenigsberg, an hour and a half in Kazan. Three hours of sleep in forty-eight hours of strenuous movement, of constant worry, of restlessness and struggle. We were both exhausted. And Collyer was by this time desperately ill with tonsilitis. His face was haggard and drawn. He could hardly swallow solid food. But still he refused to say that he was ill, and he laughed when I worried that he might not be able to continue the journey. For I determined that I would not go on without him even if I could get a Russian

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pilot to take me the rest of the way. This was a two-man race against the moon, and both of us would win—or neither!

That night in Novo-Sibirsk it looked as if the moon had every advantage. She was not visible in the pale night sky that arched above us. And I was glad. I did not want to see the pale countenance smirking triumphantly. This was our fourth day of intensive traveling. We had crossed Europe and half of Asia. We still had three days before us . . . and 4,364 miles. We had figured on twelve additional hours to make these 4,364 miles, and our figuring had been dangerously close. We should have been twelve hours further ahead, 600 miles nearer Yokohama on the night of July 8th. Well, there was nothing to do about it but get a few moments' sleep at Novo-Sibirsk, and try and make up our lost time the next day.

We had been three days trying to make up lost time. And we had only gained five hours. The *Empress of Russia* was lying in the harbor at Yokohama now. . . .

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Chita, Siberia, giving the travelers a warm welcome. The young Siberian aviators eager to examine the American airplane.

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CHAPTER NINE

NELL waited while we slept so that we should not awaken and discover needs that our Siberian hosts could not comprehend. We were not so grateful as we should have been to the loyal little lady for we both awoke exhausted after our hour and a half of slumber. We hadn't much dressing to do as we'd been sleeping with most of our clothes on, and ten minutes after we heard the first knock on our door we were ready to start for the flying field.

At two o'clock we were in the air again, flying toward the sun that looked like a great gold balloon through the morning mists. The first hop that day was without incident but of great importance because it was in this flight that we really started making up the time we had lost. For we still had vast spaces of land to cover, and in a ridiculously brief time.

It was eight in the morning when we landed at Krasnoyarsk, where we had to stop to refuel the

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plane for what we planned to be the longest non-stop flight so far on our journey. We had never made more than eight hundred miles in a single hop. Now, as we stopped at Krasnoyarsk, we vowed we would make no more stops until we reached Chita, a distance of 1,068 miles. This was the only possible way we saw of making up the lost time. The flights ahead . . . over Manchuria and Japan . . . were too hazardous to permit any plans for exceptional speed. Ahead were days when time was more likely to be lost than gained.

The usual reception committee welcomed us at Krasnoyarsk's flying field. Spread on the ground on gray blankets was the inevitable lunch, sausage, caviar, black bread and wine. Collyer was almost sick at the sight of more caviar, and I, who had once considered it a delicacy, was beginning to hate its strong, fishy flavor. But Tail Wind, now that his taste had been developed for such luxurious fare, ate as much as I would allow the officers to give him.

Although it was eight o'clock of a working day, there were hundreds of people at the field to see

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us. Again I noticed the dull, expressionless faces, the drab uniform garments as at Kazan and Kourgan. Some of the older peasants, browned by the sun, stooped by years of hard work in the fields, were like figures carved of wood and sold in gift shops. We did not go into the town, so that our only impression of Krasnoyarsk was of one of the finest natural flying fields in the world, a large plain surrounded by mountains. Perched high up on one of these mountains was a Cossack sentry house, a grim reminder of other days. Not far away was an old, orthodox church, still bearing its six branched cross, but bereft of the dignity it had known in the days when people came openly to worship. Now, as in most of the Russian towns, the church had become a sort of public clubroom.

While we ate, Russian mechanics who are able and intelligent, serviced and refueled the plane. It took a whole hour for them to finish the job, for they were preparing us for what they considered an almost impossible task. Although they had great faith in Americans and American aircraft, most of them said the idea of a hop from Krasnoyarsk to Chita was folly. One thousand and

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sixty-eight miles without stopping! Who had ever heard of such a thing? By railroad the journey was fifty-eight hours. To make such a flight as we planned was possible, yes, but exceedingly impractical.

Their arguments failed to convince us. We stored some black bread on board, some mineral water, bade farewell to our friends, and took off, dipping debonairly in salute before we disappeared from their sight.

Although I had assured the aviators in Krasnoyarsk that I had no doubt we would accomplish these thousand miles in a single flight, I was none too optimistic about our chances for success. If anything happened that forced us to land, we should be in wild country far from assistance of any kind. Our experience in Novo-Sibirsk had emphasized the helplessness of men stranded in a country where no one speaks their language. If we should be forced to alight in some village where no one spoke English, where the inhabitants did not know of our coming, where there was still conflict between political parties, our very lives might be in danger. And if we were forced down in some

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unsettled country where wild animals roamed there would be no hope either for our project or for our safety. For we were flying over wild plains and dark forests, over Baikal itself.

And, moreover, I was worried about Collyer. I doubted that he could endure the strain of this long flight. His natural aversion for the exotic food served us was so accentuated by his illness that he hardly had taken nourishment since we left Koenigsberg. His throat was almost closed and always painful. Without food and with the constant drain resulting from pain, he was in no condition for a feat that required terrific endurance.

Even Tail Wind was nervous. Instead of curling peacefully between my feet, he changed his position every few moments and looked at me frequently with pathetic eyes that asked why I kept him a prisoner? Once he jumped to my knees and started licking my face with such intensity that I wondered what unconscious fear had moved him to such a sudden passionate display of affection. His mood troubled me. Animals are often able to sense danger before a premonition is felt by humans. Perhaps it was the far-off scent of the wild

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animals in the forests below that frightened him.

At three in the afternoon, six hours after we left Krasnoyarsk, we saw Irkutsk below us, a great patch among green hills. We flew onward and later passed safely over Baikal, the largest lake in Siberia. The water is a deep, shadowy blue, the hills and forests a rich, lusty green and the air like wine when the day is as clear as it was on the day we flew over it at one hundred and fifty miles an hour.

There was a glorious twilight that night, soft and mellow. The sky was pointed with stars as thick as powdered sugar, and as white. Around ten o'clock I was awakened from a sort of doze by the sudden flashing of brilliant lights. Ahead of us not far below, for we were flying low, now, was a field bright with flares and torches.

Waiting were hundreds of people, delighted with the display of fireworks which the reception committee were sending into the sky to guide us to their city. They had been apprised by telegraph of our coming, and they did not doubt that we would arrive safely at Chita that night. They were overjoyed at our arrival, and hysterical with excitement that we should have made their city

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by flying all day at a rate of more than two miles a minute.

I could hardly believe we had accomplished our goal. It had seemed too improbable in view of the obstacles that had set us back during our first flights. In a single day we had made up every one of the twelve hours lost in Europe!

Collyer and I gripped hands without speaking. We felt that the most hazardous period of our flight was over. Our aim was accomplished. We had made up the lost time. Now we had only to keep our schedule and all was safe. Exultant, we did not realize that there were still two days ahead, two days of arduous flying, two days marked with more adventure and more danger than the four previous days combined.

But now, of course, we were not conscious of the dangers ahead and we heartily enjoyed our triumphs while we could. Thirteen courses of an elaborate banquet was the route we had to travel in Chita. Members of the reception committee spoke excellent English, a fact which added greatly to our enjoyment of the evening. They had provided a banquet of the most exquisite foods and

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wines procurable in that part of the country, and toast after toast was drunk to our success.

We were almost dead with fatigue and after we had eaten, the speeches sounded dull and very wordy. Our hosts observed finally that we were nodding, and very courteously they left the table, although I am sure they were eager to continue their eating and drinking. We had not been to our room before dinner, and did not know until we were alone behind the locked door that the chamber contained only a single bed. Collyer stretched out and was soon asleep, and I pulled three chairs together and curled up for a nap. He deserved the bed and needed it more than I.

Weary, but still triumphant, we rose an hour after we had retired and set off for the flying field again. At two we were in the air, bound for Mukden, twelve hundred and ninety miles away in warring Manchuria.

* * *

When we crossed the border from Siberia into China we flew low so the Soviet soldiery might check us out. I felt sincere regret at leaving a land where we had been so cordially received, so

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graciously treated. Before us lay strange, wild country, and a nation of whose friendliness we had no assurance. Our first two hundred miles were not auspicious. We flew over the Gobi desert, that ancient land in which are locked so many secrets of old civilizations. On its borders live tribes as uncivilized and superstitious as their ancestors who flourished here two thousand years ago. Here ranged brigands known only for their savagery and cruelty.

The land beyond the desert was no more pleasant. The Noni and Sungari Swamps are infested with wild, hungry animals, swift-footed, sharp-toothed, unmerciful enemies of man. Any accident, any trouble with the motor would be fatal in this region. We could not land in this swamp land, and even if we found a clearing beyond the darkly tangled forest, we should be in grim danger. If we were not devoured by animals, we would certainly be imprisoned by the primitive inhabitants of these huddled, sickly colonies, where airplanes were unknown and visitors who dropped from the skies might be gods or devils, but would certainly be enemies.

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We had gone without breakfast and had no food with us except four small slices of stale bread which had been in the plane four days. But certainly we had no intention of alighting for lunch. We ate the stale bread and it tasted good.

We were flying at a height of two miles, for we did not like to take a chance at being brought down by rifle or machine gun fire. The state of internal warfare has kept Mukden in practically a state of siege, and the country surrounding it has not been peaceful for a long time. In the nomads' tents, clustered like beehives on the unkempt plains, dwelt the bands of rebellious outcasts, malicious, defensive, quick with their guns. And so we were happy to see against the brilliant afternoon sky the silhouette of a thoroughly Oriental city.

When we dropped down to the Mukden field at three in the afternoon, the temperature was one hundred in the shade. We felt as if we were entering an oven. On this same day we had been shivering under our wool-lined leather coats, for the temperature at the height we flew was at the freezing point.

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A little group of Americans, the first we had seen since leaving Moscow, were at the field to meet us. Consul Myers, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Cornish, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Fitzsimmons and Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Coltman, of the Standard Oil Company, had accompanied General Wan Shin Chang, Chief of Aviation, to the field to welcome us. It cheered us to hear their friendly voices and American idioms.

After we had been officially welcomed by Chinese officers, we were taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fitzsimmons, whose plentiful hot water and clean tiled bathrooms were enthusiastically appreciated by two dirty, travel-worn adventurers. And when at eight o'clock we sat down to a home-cooked American dinner, Collyer forgot his sore throat and ate.

I spent two hours at the cable office trying to file a despatch for New York, and pacing the floor nervously while three clerks figured the cost. Their shrill Oriental voices tinkled like soprano bells. I tried to hurry them but no amount of persuasion could change their ways. Even the constant contact with a device as modern as the trans-oceanic

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cable could not change their method of doing business. I was half-asleep when I had finally got my message off, and I hurried back to the Fitzsimmons house where Collyer was already sleeping soundly. It was eleven when I lay down on the comfortable bed whose sheets seemed fragrant with the scent of an American soap, and I slept more restfully than on any of the previous nights. It was not only the solidity and comfort of this American home that soothed my tired nerves, but the comfortable knowledge that our traveling had not been in vain, that enabled me to rest so peacefully. We had come halfway around the globe (and nine hundred miles further) in the ten days since we left New York. Yokohama and the *Empress of Russia* did not seem so far away now. Within twenty-four hours we would be in the Japanese port if luck was with us. . . .

But luck was not with us. Not on the day of July 11th. The moon, our rival, was evidently in league with some grinning Chinese demon, some ancient devil who resented the audacity of mere men in daring to compete with the proud white lady of the sky. I would not have slept so peace-

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fully that night if I had foreseen the day ahead. For July eleventh was the most perilous and exciting day of our journey. Twice that day we were trapped. . . .

The day began badly at Mukden. While we had known before that the city was under a régime of martial law, we had so much faith in the passes provided us by the American Consul that we felt that we could not be touched by their numerous and strict regulations. We had noticed when we came from the flying field the night before that the city was guarded by two enormous walls but we had passed so easily through the gates that we had no doubt our exit would be as swift and safe.

It was one o'clock when we awoke. A steaming breakfast was waiting for us in the dining room where our American friends were ready to escort us to the field again. They had been sitting up all night, waiting for us. After our refreshing sleep and splendid breakfast, Collyer and I felt gay and self-confident. We could not wait to be off. This was our great day . . . the day when we should fly straight to Tokio. Nothing could stop us now!

The first thing, however, that stopped us, was

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a cordon of Chinese soldiers, standing guard at the gate of the inner wall. Between sunset and sunrise no one is allowed to enter or leave Mukden without special permits. Our permits had seemed substantial and authentic when they had been examined by the obsequious guards the night before, but now when the scowling soldiers stared at them, they seemed futile sheets of paper. The first soldier who examined the pass summoned a brother. Together they studied the permit. Then they called another, evidently an officer of higher rank. He took the pass and scowled. One of the soldiers disappeared through another, smaller gate and came back with two more officers. They all talked rapidly in their brassy singsong. They were extremely suspicious. Eventually they let us pass, and impatient because of the delay, we drove at high speed toward the second gate. Here we were stopped again.

Mukden, key city of China's civil warfare, had not yet recovered from the shock and excitement caused by the assassination of its war lord, General Chang Tso Lin, and all these precautions were no doubt necessary, but certainly we were indignant

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at being held up for so many precious minutes behind a pair of great stone gates while a group of soldiers debated in what sounded like a chorus from a comic opera.

There is nothing more irritating than the sense of being held prisoner. Some instinct ordered me to batter with my bare fists these ancient stone walls. As I sat beside the driver, smiling and trying to mask my anger, my hands burned to push aside these self-important guards and walk out through the gates. In my fury I saw their faces as malevolent yellow masks fashioned of old parchment, mysterious and evil. While their mouths moved their faces never changed expression.

Finally our passes were approved and we heard the outer gates close behind us. Happy to be free, I relaxed in my seat and started whistling. It was a beautiful night, cool and fresh after the hot day, and the brightness of the stars portended a clear day, a fine day for flying.

We had gone a little way when another guard stopped us. He examined our papers, scowled, then let us pass on. He was an enormous fellow, like a giant in a Chinese fairy tale.

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A hundred feet beyond, another soldier detained us, another ferocious-looking fellow, who snarled his commands and glared at us out of slanting, narrow eyes. And when he had allowed us to go, another fierce-looking one detained us, and another and another. We were moving down a road beside an arsenal, a mile and a half long, and at every hundred feet a guard was posted. Each guard seemed surlier and more evil looking than the last. Beside these brigandish-looking fellows, the soldiers who had detained us at the gates were mild gentlemen.

One sentry took our paper and scowled over it endlessly, while our motor chugged its protest and we sat sullenly staring at this malicious fellow who was frustrating our hopes for a swift and early start. He was also a large man. He scowled and shook his head ominously as if he doubted the signatures on our passes. My heart was in my mouth. I saw us as prisoners in this town, spending our precious hours in some barracks while the American Consul labored to convince these suspicious soldiers that we were not enemies. We could not afford to be held even for a short time. Yokohama

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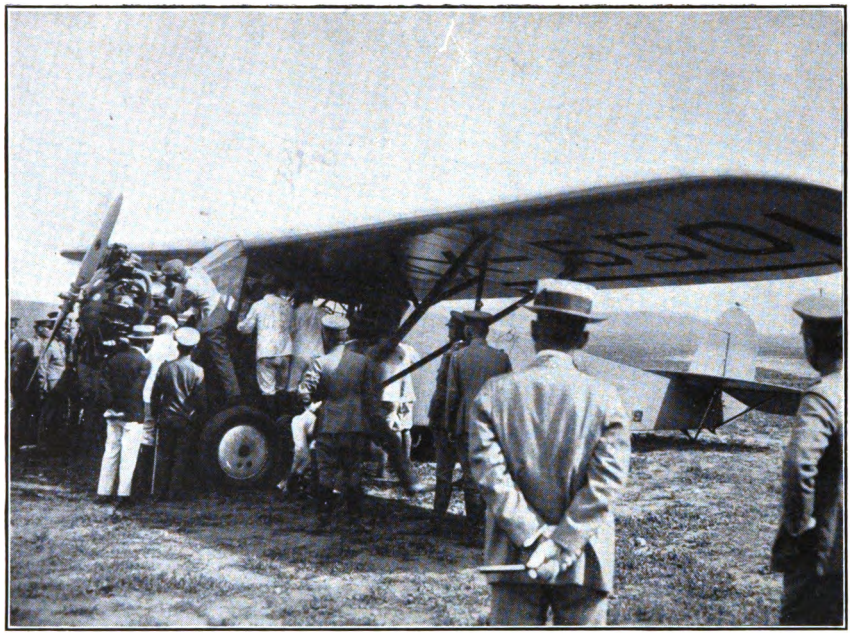

The landing at Ping Yang, Korea.

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was still hours ahead. To be detained by this surly dubious guard was an unbearable ordeal. Yet there was nothing to be done. If we aroused his anger with our protests, he could summon the other sentries, none of them friendly, and we should have to wait until General Wan Shin Chang could be dragged from his bed and brought to our rescue.

While these gloomy thoughts raced through my mind, I cast another covert glance at the sentry. And the thing I discovered dispelled all my fears. The man was just making a show of authority. He could not even read the pass. For while he pretended to study the words and question the signatures, he held the paper upside down!

The other occupants of the car had noticed the man's error, too, but none of us gave the slightest sign. We did not want to arouse his anger by showing our knowledge of his pretense. Ignorant, pretentious people are the hardest to deal with. We let the sentry play his little game, and when he bowed and handed us back our papers, we bowed and thanked him for letting us pass.

Two hours had been given to this military play-

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acting, and it was nearly three when we arrived at the hangar where the "City of New York" was housed. There was a row of hangars, the finest I have ever seen, built substantially of brick. Although they were capable of taking care of one hundred planes, they were not nearly filled. A few examples of modern aircraft were housed in the spacious hangars, but most of the compartments were empty or piled with junk.

Chinese army mechanics wheeled our ship out upon the field fully serviced, we thought. Collyer made an examination and was satisfied with the condition of the plane. There was one thing he missed, a fault which was not obvious while the plane lay safely on the ground, but which made itself known when we were in the air high above Korea.

We had no thought of danger or disaster as we bade farewell to our friends in Mukden, circled the field, dipped in salute, and sailed off bound for Japan.

We had left the pointed roofs and jutting balconies of Mukden far behind us and were over the border of China, above the high mountains of

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Chosen, which was called Korea when I made my first world's record, when we made the discovery that something was wrong with the precise and well-behaved mechanism of the "City of New York." Oil, thick and black, appeared on the instrument board, first a few drops and then a shower and then a steady fountain.

I knew that this portended a leak somewhere in the oil line, and I also knew that oil leaks are dangerous. An airplane motor, I am told, burns out in a few moments if the oil feed system does not work perfectly.

While my knowledge of aircraft enabled me to grasp the significance of this leak, I hoped that I was exaggerating the danger. Looking below I saw that there was no place to land, and studying the map hastily, I remembered noting before that there was not a place within a hundred miles where we could land the heavily laden plane without cracking up. I looked at Collyer to see what he meant to do.

I saw—and my heart stood still.

He signaled me to take the controls. I obeyed. I was numb with wonder. I did as I was com-

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manded, and did not stop to call his attention to the obvious fact that I had never had a stick in my hands before. A curtain of blankness seemed to have descended in my brain, shutting out all the chaotic, fearful thoughts that had been darting through my mind the moment before. Collyer commanded and I obeyed. I had neither fear nor hope.

While I sat there stiffly, the so-called joy stick grasped in my tense hands, I saw Collyer climb from the cabin half-way out of the plane. I saw him shift his body to find a better balance, and then open the cowling around the engine.

We were flying a mile high at the time, over Korea's jagged mountains, and going at the rate of about two miles a minute.

My heart stood still. The world stood still. But we kept moving swiftly. I felt as if I were propelled by some mighty superhuman force. I was impotent in a great crisis.

For if anything happened to Collyer I should not be able to land the plane to come to his rescue. I should have had to go on and on and on until I ran out of gas, and then drop. If anything hap-

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pened to him, it meant death for us both. Not even the smoothest landing field would have been of any help to me.

I saw Collyer screwing an oil cap, and then I saw his hands relax. I watched him shift his position and crawl slowly, with cautious, minute movements, back to the cabin. He crawled in, and with great calm, he wiped his hands and took his place at the controls, which I very happily yielded to him.

It was quite a while before I dared to ask what the trouble had been, and if it was serious. For still I did not know whether his repair had been a temporary measure, or a complete adjustment. After a while my trembling fingers found the pad of paper in my pocket and I wrote, "What was wrong?"

He grinned and wrote: "Damned Chinese mechanic didn't screw the cap of the oil tank securely."

I uttered a hearty sigh. Now that the danger had passed, and what I thought had been a serious leak was due to the hot oil expanding and coming through the top, I was able to enjoy the liberating

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sense of relief. Just the same I was struck with the irony of the situation in which such excessive care had been given the construction and operation of our plane, but where the most trivial error had almost rendered all their work futile.

As we flew toward the east, the light fog which had closed around us earlier in the day began to thicken. We were lost in a haze of white mists. Collyer slipped downward a few hundred feet, thinking he might get the plane under the vapor bank.

Suddenly a solid wall of dark rock loomed directly ahead of us. We were headed for it in a straightforward course. At the rate we were moving we could not possibly avoid it.

I closed my eyes to shut out the menacing darkness of the mountain, braced my feet in a vain effort to impede the progress of the plane, gripped at the edges of the seat and waited for the crash. Against my legs I felt the soft warmth of Tail Wind's trustful body.

My next impression was of a sharp movement in a new direction. I opened my eyes and looked at

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Collyer's firm hands gripping the controls, his knuckles white and taut.

The plane responded easily to Collyer's quick action. We zoomed upward almost perpendicularly. A plane can move in this direction only a short distance. With another deft adjustment, Collyer piloted the plane forward again and diagonally upward. It was a close call. As we went over the top of that peak, I swear we trimmed the leaves off the highest trees with our landing gear.

Again I sighed with relief. This last day of our flight had included in its first few hours the most hazardous incidents of our journey, but now the fog lifted and the sun shone, we felt that our trip across Europe and Asia was nearly over and that we would be in Yokohama by dinner time. We had practically crossed the two continents in a little over five days!

But our journey was not over. That very day, July 11th, was to give us an adventure that made every other episode in our rich experience look tame.

But ere we were to encounter this outstanding adventure in our journey, there came another for

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me very touching, very affecting. We were approaching the City of Ping Yang in Korea, when Charlie suddenly throttled down the motor and turned as if to address me. There was a look of solemnity on his face and, of course, I took it for granted that something was amiss. But only for a moment. He pointed downward. I looked. And there I beheld a little cemetery, a tiny, modest patch on the plain midst the Korean hills.

"My mother is buried there," he declared simply.

We dipped three times in tribute to that American mother sleeping so far from her native land. We had come a long way and the sentiment expressed in this humble tribute alone, of itself made the journey worth while.

We had not planned to stop at Ping Yang, but the loss of oil troubled us and we decided to make a landing at the flying field in that city. We were also somewhat troubled, when this decision had been made, by the fact that this field was not on our schedule and that those in charge might not be prepared to help us. To our surprise, we were apparently awaited. We later learned that the of-

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ficers at Ping Yang field decided that we might possibly land there and had, therefore, made rather elaborate preparations for our reception.

Our tanks were filled and men were put to work cleaning the plane. This cleaning was badly needed after the splashing of oil with which it had been baptized when the cap was left unfastened. Very formally we were escorted to one of the hangars and there, to our astonishment, a veritable feast awaited us.

The wide doors giving into the hangar were festooned with small Japanese and American flags. Within, a long table was set and on it were piled sandwiches, and on the floor a remarkable array of bottles of champagne and beer in buckets of ice. Two stools had been set at the table expressly for us, our hosts standing. The usual toasts were drunk, but the response that we felt and were unable to put to words was not at all usual. No hospitality can be so affecting as that which is unexpected. And certainly, we had no reason for expecting it here.

We were at the field for only an hour. At eight we took off and flew down the Korean Peninsula

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over the capital, Seoul, where we caught but a hasty glimpse of the famous palace. This stands in the center of the city, which is in a basin hemmed in by rather prepossessing heights. I regretted that we hadn't the time to visit this palace which is surrounded by five hundred acres of beautiful gardens and lawns. The city, surrounded completely by a staunch wall, looked, from our height of 3,000 feet, like a huge toy city. Of course, on closer inspection as I recall it from a previous visit, it is not so attractive.

Instead, we headed for the jagged Eastern coast, making for the Sea of Japan. This sea, at the point of our crossing, is about two hundred miles wide. But not even a glimpse of it did we catch, for a thick fog enveloped us as we approached the coast. Collyer, steering blindly by instruments brought to bear all the experience that was his in flying across the American continent as a mail pilot and hit the very point on the Japanese coast that we had hoped to hit. As the terrain of Japan lay beneath us, the fog lifted slightly.

A light drizzle which persisted throughout the fog-bound area, now became a rather heavy rain,

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accompanied by stubborn head winds. The tall, forbidding mountains between the coast and the Inland Sea loomed ahead of us. Again, as in the Urals, Collyer drove the plane through canyons and gulleys, boring under the low-hanging clouds from which the fog tapered to a penetrating drizzle. Again, as in the Urals, the battle with wind and the angry elements was fought. There seemed to be no end to the vindictiveness of the moon's allies.

"You shall not pass," they seemed to say at each mountain range in our flight. To have driven the plane through the canyons, between the looming walls of the mountain in the most favorable weather would have been an achievement. Negotiated under the conditions that met us this day, it seemed beyond the power of man and his mere mechanical contrivances. But on we went, the wind singing through the struts that held the wings of our plane in their sturdy spread. Collyer flew low and he flew high. He seemed to play hide and seek in this battle for time which had really become for the while a battle for our lives.

As he attained a rather considerable elevation,

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at one point in this struggle, we saw a clear area ahead, free of fog and rain. A bright sun shone beyond, bathing the beautiful Inland Sea of Japan. Our plane seemed to feel the release from the devastating struggle. It seemed to attain new speed at a bound as the weight of the fog and the onrush of the wind fell away from it. Swiftly Collyer drove on to a point above the shore line and this we followed in comparative, if tired, comfort when the great City of Osaka whirled into view. It was now three in the afternoon. According to our schedule, we should have continued on to Tokio, but as we had been bucking headwinds all day and the plane had consumed a larger amount of gas than under normal conditions, Collyer decided to land for the purpose of taking on another hour's supply of fuel. Our gauge showed as we approached Osaka that we had only about a two-hours' supply in our tanks. And to the fact that we did get more gasoline, we owe our lives!

Fifteen minutes after our landing at Osaka the news of our arrival had spread and a large crowd flocked to the air port. This is one of the largest cities of the world, with modern transportation

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facilities, and automobiles are more common here than in most places in the Far East. The result: crowds were soon streaming into the fields by every means of transportation. Many reporters and newspaper photographers and moving picture camera men soon revived for me a picture of Curtiss Field at home on a gala landing day. Remember, we were not expected here, and yet everything seemed to be in readiness for us. I was later told by one of our hosts, the flying field officials, that the belief in Osaka was general that we would stop to pay our respects. As for us, we have more than one reason for being glad that we did.

The governor of the province graciously sent a representative to greet us and bid us welcome in his name.

Collyer and I were pleased by this widespread expression of good will as indicated by officialdom and the populace generally, but again that old ogre, that enemy of every contestant with time, menaced us. Time. We were pressed for time. We had fought bitterly for each hour and as the plane was being serviced, we realized that we were at least three hours late. We took on twenty-five

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gallons of gas, believing that this would be enough in that Tokio was only two hours away. But we reckoned, as the saying goes, without our old enemy, the fog!

We took off from Osaka at four o'clock, headed for Tokio by way of Yokohama. Our destination was the Tachikawa Flying Field. Although we were due to embark for the North American continent from Yokohama, we could not stop there, in that this city lacks a flying field. Our flight to within the environs of Yokohama was swift and uneventful. Our last long hop, barring that across the American continent, would soon be concluded, was ALMOST concluded. It seems to me now that it was broad daylight as we approached Yokohama. Suddenly, as if the light from the heavens were subject to a switch in control of some supernatural force, we were swallowed in darkness. A heavy fog rolled in from the sea.

It was bewildering. Fortunately, we had glimpsed Yokohama and knew the general direction of the flying field for which we were headed. Flying very low, in an effort to pick our rivers and railways, we found more than we bargained for.

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We found two railways, where the map indicated only one. Not knowing which railway to follow, Collyer took a compass course in the general direction of the Tachikawa Flying Field.

We missed it in the fog and darkness.

We circled, widening our circle and rising higher —and were eventually attracted by a dull glow in the heavens for which we headed. This proved to be Tokio. With this city as the basis of his calculations, Collyer set out again in search of our objective, twenty miles away. Once again we failed to pick up the beacon. Back we went to Tokio and from it again set forth to seek our goal, four more times we did this, failing each time. The situation had become desperate. Our gasoline supply was now almost completely exhausted. Our position was more precarious than simply a lack of fuel.

In any other area, with a wide field available, one might glide down to a landing. But not in this area surrounding Tokio dared one undertake this. We knew that in all directions, stretching out from Japan's great capital, hung a network of high tension wires. Contact with these would mean death.

But there was another hazard, even if we were

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to evade these deadly wires. For the terrain over which our plane hovered like a stunned bat of itself offered a peril which no flier, even in broad daylight might dare. It was the soggy rice paddy fields which abound throughout this part of Japan. These rice fields—for so rice is grown—are covered with six inches of water, beneath which is a thick layer of soft muck. Landing in that sort of field would cause the plane to nose over and crack up.

I had worried my way—via Collyer's genius as a flier—through the most trying conditions but at this hour and moment, I felt that at a long last we had been beaten. Beaten, and with very little chance for our lives. And yet I didn't seem to care. The contest waged by my pilot with adversity seemed to fascinate me, so that I viewed Collyer's struggle, from my upholstered seat behind him, as if I were a mere onlooker safe in an arena. For one moment, as Collyer lowered the plane, death seemed about to get the upper hand, and the next, as he shot the nose of our plane skyward, death seemed to have been cheated.

It is funny, I paused to soliloquize, how one feels

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safer at the higher levels. My reactions fluctuated with the rise and fall of the plane.

I was fascinated, I repeat, by the struggles of this master pilot who sat at the stick. His actions, it struck me at the time, were peculiarly spasmodic. In his right hand he held an ordinary pocket flash-light. For a moment he would concentrate its rays on the instrument board and I would see with him that our gas was almost gone, of nigh teaspoonful proportions. His quick glance would gather in the ominous signalings of the instruments on the dash board. The next instant, he would wheel about in his seat and flash his light on the compass. This instrument was suspended from the roof of the cabin, immediately behind him. My gaze would follow his, back and forth, back and forth, from Tokio into the inky darkness above the menacing rice fields. Charlie's face was grim, the muscles about his mouth taut and his eyes peered, peered into the obstinate darkness ahead, this darkness which refused to reveal that beacon light which somewhere burned for us, we knew.

It might have been five times that we flew back to Tokio to start for Tachikawa anew. It might

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have been more. We had started with about four hours of gas and we had been aloft almost all of that time. Clearly, we shall not be able to turn to Tokio for the getting of our bearings again. There I sat marveling at my companion's courage and clear-headedness, feeling at the same time that the next minute might be our last. Believe me, I am not of particularly heroic mold. I have never thought in terms of the heroic; on the contrary, I have often felt anything but heroic. But here, thousands of miles on my way to victory, I seemed to resent having it snatched from me at this late stage of our race.

Collyer was moving back and forth as already detailed when suddenly he seemed to become calm. I couldn't see his face, but I could sense it from the manner in which his body seemed to relax. He turned to me, pointing ahead. There was the faint flash of a beacon!

But by this time, I must have been reconciled to defeat. For my mind seemed slow in accepting an optimistic view of the situation. There came to me the thought: "Is this really the flying field beacon, or have we gone farther astray and run

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into a lighthouse beacon? Byrd was fooled that way."

But it was the beacon we sought. For as we approached it a mass of flood lights lighted the field, the most welcome sight I had ever seen, I ever shall see.

Charlie made a beautiful landing at seven forty-five. In another ten minutes we would have been out of gas! I stepped upon the field with Tail Wind in my arms and said nothing to Charlie at the time. Words are inadequate at such moments. I patted him on the back and I knew he understood.

We were surrounded by a great crowd of cheering, excited Japanese. Don't let any one tell you that the Oriental is not given to outbursts of enthusiasm. There were tears in the eyes of some of the army officers who greeted us. We were told that planes sent out to escort us had themselves had difficulty in getting back to the field through the fog and that we had been given up as lost. The newspapers, already on the field, carried, we were told, stories of our conjectured perils in the fog. But now there stood about us happy army

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and navy officials, civilian officials and an army of newspapermen and press photographers. Flash lights boomed and moving picture cameras ground out the picturized record of our arrival and greeting.

Collyer and I were too tired to do other than look our gratitude.

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CHAPTER TEN

WE had broken all world records by crossing from Cherbourg to Tokio in five days and twenty-one hours. Collyer and I recommend to those seeking adventure and thrill —in these days of questing a kick—that they essay a duplication of our aërial voyage.

I told newspaper correspondents that I was quite sure our pioneer venture in flying across the Siberian steppes successfully meant the establishment before long of a commercial air route from Europe to Tokio. The route is quite practical and need not be flown for regular mails and passengers at the speed with which we negotiated it.

As we stood there on the Tachikawa Field we were supremely happy, for we now felt assured, barring disaster at sea, or in flying across the United States, that we should win through on our twenty-three day schedule to New York .

Miss Mira Yamara, beautiful daughter of one of the heads of Okura & Company, one of the largest

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banking and trading companies in Japan, approached the plane and with a pretty bow presented to each of us a great bouquet of gay flowers. We were then escorted to a hangar decorated with Japanese and American flags. Here we were heartily toasted.

Officers at Tachikawa Field told us that hundreds of other people, including Army and Navy officers, had awaited us at the Parade Ground at Tokio, where it had been deemed most likely we would land—that is, until darkness and fog clamped down on the metropolis.

We had only had about ten hours of what might be termed sleep since leaving Cherbourg, but as we were to sail from Yokohama by the *Empress of Russia* next afternoon, and would have nine days in which to catch up on slumber aboard ship, we didn't mind the entertainment arranged for us at Tokio. In fact we wouldn't have missed the party for anything.

Captain Collyer saw to it that the wings of our plane were folded back, much to the interest of the Japanese officers, and that all arrangements

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were perfected for towing the ship by truck to Yokohama.

We were then rushed by automobile to Tokio —Collyer, Tail Wind and I—to the offices of the *Asahi,* Japan's most important newspaper, which has an enormous circulation. The publisher, editors and staff of the newspaper made us welcome with speeches and champagne, and then informed us that we were to be their guests at a dinner at a leading Tokio geisha house.

So we dashed over to the capital's finest hotel, the Imperial, where we parked our priceless mascot with the head porter and arranged a small banquet for him. Then we hurried off to the party.

At the Imperial Hotel I found many telegrams of congratulation on our flight across Europe and Asia, among them one from my very old and dear friend, John McCormack, and his manager, Dennis McSweeney.

There were thirty men guests present, which meant that there were thirty beautiful geisha girls as well, since there must be one for each guest.

It seems to me that there is an entire misconception in the United States concerning the geisha

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girls of Japan. The geisha girl is a sort of glorified waitress and entertainer. She sits opposite you on the floor, cross-legged fashion, and she hands to you your food and drinks, which were copious at our party.

She must be well-educated, witty, good-looking and able to entertain you. Most of them, although not necessarily of a high status in the Japanese social scheme, are what we think of as "nice girls." In the course of such a party as ours was, the girls keep changing places with one another, unless a guest indicates that he desires a particular girl to remain as his companion for the remainder of the party. When so selected, a geisha girl is greatly pleased by the implied compliment. In the present instance it is immaterial whether one of the guests of honor thus complimented one of the girls.

The banquet was served in true Oriental style, with eleven fish courses. The food and wines were excellent. Captain Collyer ranked ace high in the festivities by reason of the handkerchief tricks and other stunts he performed, which brought down the house. Charlie felt quite at home. Twelve years of his rearing were spent in the Far East,

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and he is thoroughly familiar with its customs and people.

Only the enjoyment and excitement of the unusual party kept us awake and alert that night, for we were both inclined to be groggy from our grueling day.

We had been joined at the field by Mr. Robert Burgher, Third Secretary of the United States Embassy, who accompanied us on our round of visits in Tokio, and showed us every consideration and courtesy. Mr. Sidney Hughes, Tokio representative of the Hearst newspapers and news services, was waiting for us when we landed at Tachikawa, and was also one of our party for the evening's entertainment provided by the *Asahi*.

The geisha party broke up about midnight and it was at that time when I furnished the real laugh of the evening, with the laugh on me. Before entering the geisha house, of course, we all removed our shoes, in accordance with Japanese custom.

When it came time to leave I found it an impossibility to get my high flying boots back on my feet, despite the efforts of willing assistants.

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I had previously worn them for three days, and my feet, now released, had expanded perceptibly. So I had to return to the polite Hotel Imperial in my stocking-feet, carrying my boots in my hands. I am afraid I did not present a dignified picture, but I induced a good deal of merriment.

It was finally 3 A.M. before I was able to get to bed for a few hours of desperately needed sleep. Collyer previously had fallen into bed like a dead man.

We were up again at seven, which seemed to my dazed consciousness like the middle of the night, and we found our rooms filled with flowers and gifts of wine and sweetmeats. A group of newspapermen, Canadian Pacific officials and press photographers had also taken possession.

Collyer and I went down for breakfast at eight and in the lobby I was greeted by Mr. T. Avaki, the Japanese journalist who only a short time previously had won the race around the world against another Japanese writer, the two having traveled in opposite directions. Mr. Avaki made the circuit in thirty-three days and sixteen hours.

We still had plenty of time, as the *Empress of*

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Russia was not to sail from Yokohama, some seventeen miles away, until three in the afternoon, so Collyer, Tail Wind and I accepted an invitation for an automobile ride about the city.

At eleven we returned to the hotel, collected our light luggage and our gifts and flowers, and with Tail Wind we motored to Yokohama. We found our plane, the "City of New York," safe on the pier alongside the steamship. With great solicitude, Collyer personally superintended its hoisting and stowing on deck while thousands of people looked on and cheered.

There was quiet at the critical moment when the plane's bulk was swung gingerly over the side, but when she came to rest safely on the forward deck another big cheer was loosed by the crowd, in which the interested passengers joined.

The Canadian Pacific people had been willing to hold the *Empress of Russia* for us for three hours if we had not arrived from our final Asiatic hop in time for the scheduled sailing, but this, we were happy indeed to know, had not been necessary.

With the plane and everything now aboard we

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still had an hour, so Collyer and I dashed uptown into the shopping section of Yokohama to purchase shirts, white trousers and other necessary articles of wearing apparel. We were in sore need of many things to make us presentable on our trip across the Pacific.

There was still a quarter hour remaining when we got back to the ship, and this time was spent in posing for photographers and movie news reels. Our friends gathered at the foot of the gangway, and surrounded by a dense crowd of Japanese residents, they gave us a rousing send-off when the hawsers were cast off and the *Empress of Russia* pulled out.

I suspect that both our throats and eyes filled as the ship gathered headway for the fastest run she had ever made across the Pacific, as we waved our good-bys to the Japan in which we had landed only the night before.

I patted Tail Wind's head and remarked:

"Don't know what we should have done without you, pup!"

"I don't, either, John," remarked Collyer. "You know just before we landed last night at Tachi-

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kawa, in fact just before I first saw the beacon over the field, he came over and sat on his haunches alongside of me. He looked up with those bright little eyes of his and seemed to say, 'Steady. Take it easy, old boy. Everything is going to be all right.'

"In another minute or so I spotted the beacon and knew we were safe. Tail Wind, you're a great mascot!"

The Sealyham wagged his tail and walked docilely off with a deck steward.

Since we had enjoyed a grand total of fifteen hours' sleep in the six days after leaving Cherbourg, Collyer and I headed by common impulse for our cabin suite. We were still shaky after our terrifying experience in flying through the inky blackness and thick fog around Tokio, and the inevitable reaction had now hit us. The feel of a soft mattress and clean white sheets was heavenly!

After our nap we had a good hot bath and donned some clean clothes. We felt like new men —a grand and glorious feeling.

On board the *Olympic*, when crossing the Atlantic, it will be remembered that we had Morris

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Gest for a shipmate. By a coincidence we found that his partner, Ray Comstock, was a fellow passenger on board the *Empress of Russia*. Comstock is genial company, and we had a great time with him on the voyage to British Columbia.

Captain A. J. Hosken, our skipper, who had been thoroughly primed at Yokohama by Canadian Pacific officials on the meaning of our globe-girdling trip, entered heartily into the spirit of our race with the moon. He was greatly intrigued by the idea of getting around our earth ahead of the lady. As a result he had a chat with the Chief Engineer and his assistants and the *Empress of Russia* began adding to her speed.

The weather was smooth, the mighty Pacific living up to its name, and the *Empress* made a record run, getting into Victoria on the evening of Friday, July 20, at ten o'clock, instead of twelve hours later on Saturday as scheduled. This made a tremendous difference to us and we were most grateful to Captain Hosken and the Canadian Pacific line for their invaluable aid.

The days on shipboard passed swiftly with many diversions. At a fancy dress ball on board Captain

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Collyer made his appearance in the traditional costume of a bold pirate of the Spanish Main and he registered another big hit, with the ladies especially.

The steamship averaged close to five hundred knots a day and I sent press bulletins of our progress by radio to New York. On board with us were the newsreel films of our arrival at Tokio which were to be dispatched from Victoria to Seattle to be sent across the continent by air mail. There was much wagering on board as to whether the films would beat us to New York, with Ray Comstock among those backing us to win.

On July 16th the *Empress of Russia* crossed the international date line, or meridian, and thus we regained the day we lost when we started out on our race with the moon. It seemed odd to have two Mondays, one following the other. But it was great for Captain Charlie and me. We felt certain, unless some wholly unforeseen disaster should befall us, that we should establish our long-sought record.

In fact I sent a radio to New York, saying:

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"Look for us back in New York Sunday, July 22nd!"

Sunday on shipboard on the Pacific was an impressive day for us. Simplicity marked everything and everybody. Services were conducted by one of the ship's officers, and brought to us a great, heartfelt gratitude for our many narrow escapes during our flight over the European and Asiatic continents. Perhaps I am not a very religious man, but God felt very near to me that day.

It seemed to me, at any rate, that few could have attended those simple services and have remained unimpressed. And I was overwhelmed with a realization that there is a Divine Being ruling the earth and its peoples.

In the next five days the stokers burned a lot of extra coal from the bunkers of the good ship and her propellers turned over more revolutions per minute than they ever had done before.

It looked as though Tail Wind was surely to have the honor of being the first dog to go around the world faster than Lady Luna, and that should win him the blue ribbon in any dog show!

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Mr. Mears, Tailwind and Captain Collyer at the Battery, New York City, completing their trip and being officially timed at the finish.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

EVERYTHING was in readiness for us to land with expedition when we completed our fast 4,848-mile voyage across the Pacific at Victoria. We were again r'arin' to go. Keeping up to our schedule and making the record on which we had staked our lives depended upon a swift passage of the North American continent.

Captain Collyer was keyed up and was all eagerness in the last hours of the final day at sea. As the "City of New York" had been shipped from Yokohama on deck, it was of course all ready to be hoisted overside at the pier. Collyer took the precaution of testing the engine and all parts of the plane, and found everything O.K.

The *Empress of Russia* docked at 10 o'clock that evening of Friday, July 20th, and we lost no time in debarking with our plane and luggage. We were able to take off by the early light of dawn at 3:45 Saturday morning, but only after a narrow escape from crashing. The wheels of the plane

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swerved just as we were leaving the ground, nearly landing us in a ditch.

But Tail Wind was with us!

Collyer shook us back into a beeline and giving her all of the gun lifted us free. We started climbing at once, heading almost due south for Seattle, en route to the home plate. We found Seattle's vicinity enveloped in fog and highly dangerous for an attempt at landing. We had been advised also that the landing field at Seattle was soft, because of rains, and with our heavy load of gasoline, Collyer considered it too great a risk to attempt landing there out of a fog which might extend clear to the earth. We therefore decided to try for Spokane, Wash., 350 miles inland. As we proceeded to the East the weather improved somewhat.

And here began to unfold for us some of the most beautiful scenery of our journey. Remember, that I speak from actual experience, an experience which took me across the entire width of Europe and Asia. With all due respect to what may be claimed by our foreign friends none may look within the limits of a single day's journey upon

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the natural splendor that Collyer and I looked down upon this day in which we winged our course from Victoria on Puget Sound to Spokane, in the State of Washington.

Puget Sound is itself a long, curving comparatively narrow body of water. At our height it seemed almost completely surrounded by lovely snow-capped mountains. We attained a height of about ten thousand feet as we neared the center of the Sound. Straight ahead of us loomed the Cascade Mountains which we would have to hurdle. Again Collyer gave our plane the gun and again we began to mount into the heavens until we were now almost three miles above sea level. Far to our right, and yet not so far in the crisp clear atmosphere of this high level, loomed Mt. Rainier, or as some would have it, Mt. Tacoma, the highest peak in the United States, 14,363 feet. At our height we could see what I judge were the snow-clad tops of Mt. St. Helena, a little to the west and south of Rainier. As we dashed on at a rate of more than two miles a minute, we could see at our left, to the north, the forbidding Glacial Peak.

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The Cascades run from north to south, or south to north, to use the strict terminology of science, and we were going from west to east, so that this formidable hurdle lay before us. Fortunately, Rainier lay far enough to the south of us, so that the three-mile altitude was entirely adequate for our purposes. As we dashed by the parallel of Mt. Rainier, on looking back I could see the majestic cap of Mt. Adams which attains a height of 12,470 feet.

A certain coolness grips the birdman who soars over nature's eruptions that manifest themselves in huge mountains. Cold, disenchanting breezes are wafted from the darkened ravines and shadowy chasms. Man dwindles to nothingness as he looks down upon them. A fly winging its way across the thundering Niagara Falls, if the fly is at all subject to a feeling of awe, must feel as I felt as we darted above these giant mountains. As their peaks glistened in the sun, their subdued ravines offering a sinister contrast, the scene was so awesomely beautiful that I was wearied by the feast offered the eyes. It is incomprehensible unless actually experienced.

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Then we came to terrain more level, though at our left loomed the veiled and not very distinct outlines of the Canadian Rockies and here and there jutted mountains somewhat smaller than the Cascades. We settled down gradually to lower flying and soon we passed habitable areas dotted by spires that advertised the presence of cities. And then Spokane and New York on the morrow, if only our luck held!

Collyer brought us down to a landing at Spokane at seven o'clock but as every moment was vital now, we remained only for half an hour for fuel and weather reports. We had planned to fly via Omaha and make a halt there, but we changed our minds as the result of an invitation received by telegraph to land at the Twin Cities. The message, which reached us on board ship before our arrival at Victoria, read:

"Theodore Christianson, Governor of Minnesota; Mayor George Leach, of Minneapolis; Mayor Larry Hodgson, of St. Paul; Arthur R. Rogers, president of the Minneapolis Civic Commerce Association; William F. Davidson, president of the St. Paul Asso-

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ciation; Stanley Partridge, Norman Warsinski, head of the Norwalk Aircraft Corporation; Mary Hurd, former manager of Old Minneapolis Aëro Club; Paul Goldsborough, general manager of International Air Transport; and Rufus R. Rand, chairman of Midplane Transit Company, join in inviting you to stop in the Twin Cities at Chamberlain Airport, on your famous flight homeward across the American Continent.

"They ask the opportunity of rendering you any service at their command. We should appreciate a wireless from you assuring us of the honor of your stopping here, even if it can only be for refueling. Good luck and best regards.

"(SIGNED Kenneth Smith)."

So we took off blithely on the 1,250-mile hop to Minneapolis. We had barely reached an elevation of six thousand feet, by gradual stages, when the Rocky Mountains came to view. There they lay, directly ahead of us, caressing the winding border line between the States of Washington and Montana. Again we climbed, climbed high as the snow caps loomed before us. Again we put miles between

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ourselves and sea level. Granite Peak, almost 13,000 feet tall, is, I believe, the highest mountain in Montana. And Granite Peak soon came into view. The Canadian and American Rockies form almost an oval as they join, sprawling over the State of Montana, so that we were barely over one range when there loomed ahead of us another. But Collyer was now like a man inspired. He drove the plane high and straight, regardless of the menace of nature's barriers. He planned to make Minneapolis that day and he drove our sturdy "City of New York" to its utmost limits.

Winds howled, cross-currents toyed with the tiny speck that dared dart across their path. From the depths in the bosom of this mighty range came changing blasts of wind—one moment almost comfortingly warm, the next moment angry, cold. But on darted our plane, and though he said little, on Collyer's lips there hung a song, a song of a conqueror. And I, too, was happy, for all this vast beauty could hold no real menace for me—for, was I not within reach of achieving my long cherished dream? But the next twenty-four hours proved that there was still much turbulence ahead.

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Twelve hours of driving over mountains, and then hills melting into wide plains and two huge cities lay before us. Minneapolis and St. Paul. Between them lazily crawled the Mississippi.

After twelve solid hours in the plane we landed on Chamberlain Field, where a crowd was awaiting us, with the usual newspapermen and photographers, at 7:47 P.M. We were certainly glad to get out of the ship and stretch our legs. This flight had been of almost the same duration and distance as that between Chita, Siberia, and Mukden, Manchuria.

After posing for photographs, attending to the "City of New York," and receiving the greetings of the welcoming party, we were driven to the residence of Kenneth Smith. After dinner and a few hours' rest we motored back to the field and at three o'clock took off for the East.

We had scarcely left Minneapolis when the weather changed and rain began falling. Our plan had been to fly to Bellefonte, Pa., on the Air Mail route, in one hop, before stopping for fuel, but this was now an unwise attempt without more definite weather information, so Collyer deter-

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mined to stop at the municipal flying field in Chicago, on the southwest side of the city, to learn the prospects ahead of us.

The meteorological news we obtained in rainy Chicago respecting conditions in the East was anything but reassuring. The weather was reported thick, thicker, thickest, and with the superlative adjective applicable to the worst place of all—the always dangerous passage over the Alleghenies, America's worst flying country.

You can imagine the state of this chronicler's feelings. Here it was on the scheduled last day of our journey and nearly eight o'clock—and we had hoped to arrive at Miller Field, Staten Island, where we knew thousands of people would be waiting for us, by two o'clock in the afternoon at the latest.

A pilot built of stuff less stern, or lacking the sheer grit and determination of a Charlie Collyer, probably would have stayed right on the ground there at Chicago, and let nature take its course. But Charlie is a product of the Air Mail, where possession of weatherwise skill and nerve are not merely desirable, but are indispensable.

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He studied the weather dope and thought fast. I looked at him questioningly. He knew the question, without a word from me. He answered:

"Hell, John—grab Tail Wind and get into the plane. We're going to start, weather or no weather."

And we did!

The field was rather soft for our heavy load of gas, but we got off all right and headed into the rainstorm and murk of that dark gray day.

Though in daylight, it was almost as bad as the experience we had going into Tokio, and was to be fully as bad before we were through with it later in the day. I want to announce here and now, while I think of it, that so far as I am concerned I am all caught up on my rain and fog flying! It is no pastime for a person who dreams of a graceful and placid old age!

We flew low over South Chicago and cut across the tip of Lake Michigan. Then we rose and Charlie laid a compass course for the south shore of Lake Erie. There was no improvement, although occasionally we could catch glimpses of blurred landscape beneath us. After going 300

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miles or more by estimate, we decided to land at Cleveland.

Reports there were even more discouraging than the less detailed data we had received at Chicago, but Collyer grimly decided to continue. Shortly after eleven the nose of the "City of New York" was again pointed east, willy-nilly, by compass, and we started for the Alleghenies on what we hoped would be a non-stop hop to New York.

Many a time Collyer had flown the mail over that treacherous course in villainous weather and I felt that if any one could get through he could. Our motor was opened wide as we roared our way through the fog above the mountains.

By two in the afternoon, according to our calculations, we were within perhaps 150 miles of New York, where crowds already waiting for hours, were, we later learned, constantly scanning the low ceiling above Miller Field for a glimpse of us.

Our experience in the Alleghenies will always remain a sort of horribly blank spot in my memory. For here we were hemmed in by such fog as I had never known before. We drove into it with a

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more or less definite knowledge of the general direction that was ours, but we soon lost even this general knowledge. The clouds were so thick that, as far as I was concerned, there was no telling even what was up and what was down—what was east or west, north and south. We pressed on, turning, climbing, seeking a break in the clouds that would offer a clew. We were as much lost in this area less than two hundred miles from home, as we were that dreadful night outside of Tokio.

But we were trapped for two hours in the Alleghenies somewhere, and it became absolutely necessary to get our bearings accurately in order to get through. Collyer wheeled south, doubling partly on our course.

There came at last one or two quick breaks in the fog and rain and we caught glimpses of mountain tops below us, but best of all of the Susquehanna River. Here was a clew well known to my veteran pilot and he followed it.

We landed at Middletown, Pa., took on some more gas, and after telephoning word of our safety to the commanding officer at Miller Field, went into the air again just before five o'clock and then

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headed for Philadelphia so as to make a straight course across New Jersey to Staten Island.

Once out of Pennsylvania, the remainder of the route, despite a low ceiling, was comparatively easy. Captain Collyer, with his mind freed of worries concerning the fear-inspiring Alleghenies, bethought himself of his appearance. He badly needed a shave and he disliked the idea of facing welcomers at New York looking like a Bushman.

So while calmly holding the plane on its course with knees and pedal extremities, he got out his shaving kit and some water from our canteen and proceeded to remove his hirsute facial growth. As his razor accumulated hair and soapsuds he removed them by the simple expedient of thrusting his razor out of the window and letting the two-mile-a-minute wind whisk them off.

The whiskers whisked off in this fashion, however, were borne straight back to where I was sitting half asleep, now that the strain was nearly over, and they stuck to my face. I had grown so accustomed to being pelted in the face by raindrops that day that I paid no attention.

Collyer completed his job, wiped his face dry

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with a towel and applied talcum power to his transformed visage. As he leaned back to put away his things, he glanced at me. He broke into roars of laughter at my appearance and kicked my boot to rouse me. When I could get a look at my face in his mirror I enjoyed the joke, too. I was certainly an odd-looking spectacle.

The fog thickened again as we neared the Atlantic coast and we settled down to our work of getting through to Miller Field. The ceiling for flying was only a few hundred feet, but visibility at this low altitude was fair. Finally we struck that group of towns which cluster beyond Newark and headed on a beeline for Staten Island.

I knew that our adventurous argosy around the earth was nearly done and the race won. Nothing could take from us now the record of having outdistanced the moon.

Yet a momentary sensation of regret and sadness came over me in the last half hour—I was sorry that this marvelous experience, with all its grave dangers and its keen pleasures, had to come to an end.

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I had been living on an exalted level, high above mere men on the surface of the earth.

It was not a feeling of vanity which came over me. Far from it. I felt humble, and thankful that such a magnificent experience, one unparalleled in all history, had been filed away in my consciousness. My regrets of that moment were that the actual undergoing of that experience was to exist henceforth only in memory.

We were nearing the final curtain of the last act of our swiftly moving play.

Perhaps those who have never been tempted to try such an exploit as my friend and associate Collyer enabled me to perform, will think that the aftermath of plaudits for the exploit itself is what gives one the keenest pleasure.

They are wrong. The real satisfaction comes in the actual doing of the thing which one essays!

But I am speculating on the success of our undertaking too soon. For as we passed beyond Newark, there rose from Newark Bay a new wall of mist. From the ocean on our right there swept in a screen of fog that seemed strangely like that

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which sought to defeat us at the very start twenty-three days before. It seemed to have laid in wait for us, here at the very end, to be revenged. It almost was. We knew as we drove on that our goal was just a few miles away. But try as we might we could see no guiding mark to aid us.

Round and round Collyer circled over the area he judged was our goal. Wider and wider was his circle. I strained my ears for sound of siren or the many voices of the multitude waiting for us. If we cannot see them, I told myself, they must at least hear our motor. For we were flying lower and lower. But the ceiling that day was low. So low that less than fifty feet separated the heavy fog from the ground. And the many awaiting us, I later learned, did hear our motor for some time before we were sighted.

Suddenly Collyer turned to attract my attention and pointed. We were up about 300 feet and stretched ahead of us, in dim outline, were the hangars and quarters of Miller Field, with the Atlantic Ocean just beyond. The crowd on the field, the soldiers, the motorists in their automobiles waiting to welcome us, the small army of

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The travelers are presented with bouquets on their landing at Tokio after a particularly perilous jump from Mukden.

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photographers whose cameras we saw as we came down lower, all set up ready for action, began to waver and move.

We crossed the southwest edge of the field and Charlie flew its length to the beach, circled around and banked down to land into the wind with a good allowance of ground to keep clear of the crowd.

We came out of the fog about fifty feet from the ground.

Collyer cut his motor, turned in his seat and impulsively shook my hand.

"Well, John, we're here! Congratulations!"

"Congratulations yourself, Charlie! I shall never forget what you have done!"

The wheels touched the grass swiftly, bounded like a grounder to a short-stop, the tail touched and the skid bit into the soil. We taxied up to within 100 feet of the impatient, cheering crowd.

Our conquest of three continents by air was complete!

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CHAPTER TWELVE

NEW YORK newspaper reporters were the first to reach the plane as the steel propeller stopped whirring. On their heels was a phalanx of photographers whose first command was for us to stay right where we were inside the plane. Then the crowd closed in.

We had landed at four minutes to seven, and to complete our journey around the world we still had to proceed to the police launch and seaplane landing at the Battery, in Manhattan.

My representative, Captain Harry A. Bruno, who with his associate, Captain Richard Blythe, had handled arrangements for Colonel Lindbergh on the latter's memorable return to New York from Paris, succeeded in keeping the work of the "still" and newsreel and talking movie photographers within half an hour.

Automobiles had been provided for the official welcoming party designated to greet us by Mayor Walker and Grover Whalen, Chairman of the Mayor's Committee for the Reception of Distin-

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guished Guests. Tail Wind and I, the former attracting much attention, were taken into the first car with Seymour P. Danzig, the Mayor's representative, and his wife and sister.

Captain Collyer followed with other welcomers in the cavalcade of motors which soon rushed the entire party to St. George, Staten Island, at forty miles an hour. A convoy of motorcycle policemen, with sirens shrilling, cleared the way for the fast run to the municipal ferryboat, Mayor Gaynor. We were whisked ahead of the long double lines of Sunday holiday traffic and placed at the bow of the big craft so we could be first off at the Manhattan slip.

In the big party headed by Mr. Danzig which gave us the heart-warming reception in celebrating our fastest trip around the world, was Colonel H. W. Fleet, the United States Army's Commandant at Miller Field, who gripped Charlie and me by the hand, and said:

"My warmest felicitations to you men. You have done an astounding thing in getting back to New York in twenty-three days and some hours—even in these days of fast locomotion. To many

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of us it had seemed impossible of accomplishment."

Collyer said:

"We couldn't have done it, Colonel, without a good plane."

I added:

"And a pilot like Collyer!"

Major George Vaughn, commanding officer of the 27th Division Air Service of the New York National Guard, a great American ace of the World War, rated as second only to Eddie Rickenbacker, walked up to Collyer and commended him:

"Fine work, Captain! You've done a peach of a job that any pilot could well be proud of. Must have been a bit zippy in getting across Siberia."

Collyer blushed behind his tan and said that no, it "wasn't so much" because we'd had nice weather most of the way.

Lieut. J. J. Billo, who had charge of the guard of 200 Army troops keeping the crowd off the field, and other officers came up to give their greetings and congratulations. Ernest Robinson, Vice-President of the Fairchild Aviation Corporation, was one of the happiest of the crowd, because of the

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fine performance of the "City of New York" all through its arduous service. We told them immediately that the ship had behaved perfectly under all conditions and that we hadn't been obliged to use a spare part.

Others whom Collyer and I singled out were Charles H. Colvin, President of the Pioneer Instrument Company; Carl F. Schory, chairman of the Contest Committee of the National Aëronautical Association, Washington, D. C., who came over to time officially our arrival at the Battery and at Miller Field; the Rev. C. T. Collyer, of Baltimore, Collyer's father; Rae D. Henkle, the New York publisher; and members of a committee from the Circumnavigators' Club.

Another who pressed through the crowd was Miss Vivienne Osborne, of the "Three Musketeers" company, who had given Tail Wind to us as mascot for our trip. She dashed for the dog and he immediately leaped up, barked and wagged his tail in recognition.

With special permission granted by the War Department to keep the "City of New York" on the field over night, after its drop down from the

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murky, low-hanging mist banks, we were able to get away for Manhattan.

Newspapermen monopolized us on the trip across New York Bay and until we arrived at the actual finish point at the Battery. As we leaped to the pier and held up our hands flares burned for movie cameras and flashlights boomed.

While the crowd cheered and Tail Wind squirmed under my left arm, I shook hands silently with Collyer.

We had raced the moon and won by making the circuit of the globe from this spot on which we stood in just twenty-three days, fifteen hours, twenty-one minutes and three seconds by Schory's chronometer!

We had also clipped five days off the Evans and Wells record which I had promised to lower on that July day in 1926 when they arrived back home.

Hooray!

That's what I felt inwardly, but I was too utterly wearied from the constant strain of the trip to think of voicing it. Collyer also had a subdued look and was beginning to sag. Small wonder, when one considers what he had undergone in the

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air that last day in flying halfway across the American continent from Minneapolis.

"Come on, fellows, you are to be the guests of the City of New York at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel for the next week, and there are a good dinner and some soft beds waiting for you in your suite."

We needed little urging from Mr. Danzig, our official host, so we stepped into the limousines and made a fast run to the hotel via Fifth Avenue, with the motorcycle police clearing the way for us through all traffic.

Hurrying to our room at the hotel we nibbled at a fillet mignon and some vegetables for a few minutes. Then Captain Collyer excused himself and went to his bedroom. Within two hours after our arrival at Miller Field, cannons fired over his head would not have awakened him from his state of physical and nervous exhaustion.

One newspaper said on its first page next morning:

> "Neither Mears nor his gallant pilot, Captain Charles B. D. Collyer, showed more than a slight fatigue as a result of their grueling, record-breaking race of over 20,000 miles."

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Perhaps we didn't show fatigue, but how we felt it!

Tail Wind crashed the first page, too:

> "Brightest of the party, and seemingly the least affected by the cheers which greeted the landing of the plane at Miller Field, and the automobile race for the Battery, from which the race began, was Tail Wind, the Sealyham terrier which Mears took along as mascot.
>
> "Tail Wind occasionally wagged what stub of a tail he carries and uttered a brief yelp in response to the crowd's plaudits. But otherwise he evinced signs of utter boredom. Record-making trips around the world, on the fastest of ocean liners and at the rate of 140 miles an hour in an airplane seemed of small importance to this dog."

But just the same, after frisking about for a short time in our sitting-room at the Ritz, Tail Wind curled up on the cool tiles in a bathroom and followed Collyer into the Land of Nod.

I was obliged to remain up with fresh arrivals of newspapermen and to answer telephone calls and receive telegrams for another two hours, before I could retire.

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Even when I did get to bed I was unable to sleep except fitfully, and to tell the truth I slept but little during the next three days, not only because of the round of entertainments in our honor, but as a result of severe nervous strain.

One of the telegrams which made Collyer and me very happy came from President Calvin Coolidge, who was then with Mrs. Coolidge at their summer camp in Wisconsin. The Presidential dispatch read:

> "I wish to express my congratulations upon the splendid record you have accomplished in circling the globe.
>
> "In demonstrating the practical use of aviation for communication between all the countries of the world you have done much to advance this new science.
>
> "I have been interested in your voyage and am most happy to express my pleasure upon your safe return.
>
> "CALVIN COOLIDGE."

We brought back with us 200 marked letters as souvenir proof of our fastest of tours around the earth ever made by man. They had been

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stamped at midnight on June 29, by the New York Postoffice, and had also been postmarked by the Chinese authorities when we arrived at Mukden.

After our arrival home they were again stamped by the New York Postoffice to show the hour of their receipt.

We also carried cards and other trophies with us around the world for friends desiring souvenirs.

Barbers, baths, changes of raiment and breakfast at the Ritz did much for our state of well-being next morning and we read the long accounts in the newspapers and the editorials on our trip with perhaps more than cursory attention.

Showing the interest excited in the practical results of our journey, we were perhaps quite naturally pleased by the views of editors. In his famous "To-day" column, read by millions of people throughout the United States and the world, Arthur Brisbane's first comment on the morning of July 23rd was:

> "John Henry Mears and Charles B. D. Collyer have beaten the 'Around the World' record, by several days. They finished their

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journey at Miller Field, Staten Island, in twenty-three days.

"When Jules Verne wrote his 'Around the World in Eighty Days,' men said it was an interesting story, but could never be done. Now it IS done, this time in twenty-three days. And in years to come it will be done in twenty-four hours.

"Man is a very able creature, a real credit to his Maker. What he can IMAGINE, he can DO."

Perhaps I may be forgiven for having derived considerable satisfaction from the leading editorial in the New York *American* that morning, which Captain Collyer passed across the coffee cups to me, and for herewith reproducing it:

"By girdling the globe in boat and plane in twenty-three days and fifteen hours, John Henry Mears and Charles B. D. Collyer have set a new record. But that blunt statement of fact does not measure their exploit.

"Theirs was not a mere stunt, conceived in blind daring. It was a triumph of careful planning, of the use of the latest aids of science, of notable personal gallantry and also,

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let us be frank, of that uncertain factor which men call luck.

"The 'breaks' came right. The hazardous night flights over lands of peril met no mishap. The arrivals in time to catch the quickest connections were not delayed. Fortune smiled on merit which had spared no feasible precaution, and all ends well.

"Nor should we omit to pay tribute to the writing skill of that accomplished voyager, Mears. As our readers know, his personal narratives of the journey were intensely interesting and readable as well as informative.

"It is a distinct pleasure to this newspaper to have had a part in promoting and recording this thrilling odyssey, which so substantially confirms the reliability of intelligently piloted travel in the air."

In a subsequent issue the same editor, having in mind our swift journey, the various trans-ocean flights of the last two years and the wonderful development of the Air Mail in the United States, said:

"Economists have no better measure of the progress of civilization than the history of transportation. From traveling on foot, car-

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rying heavy burdens, to speeding through the air on planes, man's development of means of locomotion is the story of his rise from savagery to social organization.

"Ease of distribution and communication is the mightiest force for lifting the life of mankind to a higher plane of civilized culture. More than anything else it widens the angle of his vision of the world, increases his opportunity for economic success and broadens his knowledge of his fellows."

Commenting on how some people have belittled long-distance flights, he said of such endeavors:

"They have an importance to the future which we are too close to them now to see clearly. These flights are the pioneering endeavors in aviation which must precede the establishment of great lines for aërial traffic that will carry the whole world forward to a higher civilization in which peoples will be knit into closer relationship and friendliness."

Because of our own experiences in foreign lands with the plane "City of New York," Collyer and I knew the editorial spoke sooth.

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

LATE that morning of Monday, the 24th, Mr. Seymour P. Danzig of the Mayor's Committee called for us at the Ritz and escorted us to City Hall for the city's noonday reception. There we were received by Acting Mayor McKee in the absence of Mayor Walker, who was then in California.

The reception hall at the west end of the historic and architecturally beautiful structure was packed when Collyer, Tail Wind and I entered. Much to our peace of mind and satisfaction there were no set speeches of welcome, which obviated the need of formal answers on our part.

Acting Mayor McKee extended his hand with heartiness and said to me:

"I am always happy to meet men who have made good."

I replied:

"Made good? Well, sir, we had to make good

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after having had the temerity to name our airplane the 'City of New York,' and after it had been christened by Mrs. Walker, the charming wife of the city's chief magistrate."

For a quarter of an hour the Acting Mayor discussed with us the details of our adventuresome trip, with Tail Wind getting his due share of attention. Mr. McKee leaned down and patted the terrier, inquiring:

"And how did you fare on the race?"

Whereupon Tail Wind with cordiality stuck up his paws and yelped.

I interpreted that this meant he had fared well indeed. After a period of hand-shaking and of answering many questions asked by city officials and their guests, and another session with photographers, we left by automobile for a round of calls about town.

That night we were guests at a Harvard Club dinner given for us by the Fairchild Aviation Corporation, its Vice-President, Mr. Ernest Robinson being the toastmaster. Present were about sixty men prominent in aviation affairs, as well as a number of men who had greeted us at Miller Field

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on our arrival. An interested guest was Naokichi Ishida, New York manager of the Tokio trading and banking house of Okura & Co.

Seymour Danzig in his speech said he admired any one who had the nerve to fly at all, to say nothing of flying more than half-way round the world, and that when he went up for the first time there would have to be sky hooks on the plane. Captain Collyer and I followed half a dozen other speakers and we told the crowd of amusing and unusual experiences on our journey, while Tail Wind, a practical soul, sat at a special table gnawing on a succulent bone.

Dinner at the Yale Club given by the Circumnavigators, another dinner at the Lambs by several hundred members of that organization, theater parties and talks for radio broadcasting stations called for considerable expenditures of energy in the days following our return. We went through the whirlwind of events in a sort of daze. It seemed almost impossible to realize that only a very short time before Collyer and I had been flying over far-away Europe, Siberia, China and Japan and had been wined and banqueted, with

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strange gustatory fare heaped upon us everywhere.

Captain Collyer had to fly up to Bridgeport and telegraphed that he could not be present at the Lambs dinner, much to my disappointment, for the rousing reception given by the actors and singers of Broadway was certainly a lively and enjoyable affair. The irrepressible and delightful De Wolf Hopper, the great comedian who goes on like the brook, forever, was toastmaster.

He almost made the actors fall out of their chairs with his inspirational merriment. He was in his wittiest vein that evening, particularly when he introduced Tail Wind to the thespians with the assurance of our mascot's masculinity—since femininity is barred from the Lambs. The program had been arranged by a committee headed by John Hobble with Percy Wenrich, the song writer, serving on behalf of the club as master of ceremonies. He placed opposite to me Frank Daniels, and at my left Mr. Hopper and Wilton Lackaye.

Mr. Lackaye, to whom we gave a warm reception, spoke feelingly on the pleasure felt by members of the great club of public entertainers that one of their members, connected with the stage as

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a theatrical producer, should have employed aviation in a record-lowering trip around the world. In his serious moments, Mr. Hopper spoke along the same lines.

Milton Royle paid a much-appreciated tribute and Harry Stubbs and A. O. Brown also spoke. With Henry Hamilton at the piano, Mr. Wenrich gave an extraordinary interpretation of "Annie Laurie," indicating her present-day connection with the distillation and distribution of contraband invigorants. There were other songs, most of them aptly chosen for their references to the sky and to flying, by that engaging high tenor, Allen Rogers, and by Scott Welsh, Arthur Burkely, Tom Cowan and Harrison Brockbank.

After the dinner, which began early, in order that working actors might reach their theaters on time, De Wolf Hopper repaired to the large salon upstairs where for two hours he regaled a group of the diners with altogether delightful tales of his fifty years' experience as a comedian. Many of them never saw the light of day in his volume of memoirs.

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One of my most prized possessions is an illuminated parchment in colors and bearing my portrait, which was signed by hundreds of members of the Lambs and presented to me that night.

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN

EVEN Phileas Fogg in his fancied rush, and he had everything within the power of Verne's imagination at his disposal, had no such wonder as our Pratt and Whitney 410-horse-power Wasp motor to aid him in staying the advance of the clock and calendar.

And plucky little Nellie Bly, resourceful "sob sister" who let nothing stump her in getting a story into the hands of her city editor, would have sighed with envy to have foreseen the communication facilities by radio, cable and telegraph which were at our disposal for sending back to the newspapers the full story of our adventures.

From the *Olympic* and the *Empress of Russia,* when we were on the Atlantic and the Pacific, and from our stopping points in Europe, Asia, Japan and the United States, we were able to send either fast bulletins or fuller accounts, when we had the time, to the millions of readers who were following our swift progress.

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During part of our race with the moon we had as our ally the moon's ancient enemy. The sun shone at night for Collyer and me, as late as ten o'clock, while winging our way across Siberia. We were able to make up our lost time in Siberia by night flying, since there were only three or four hours of darkness nightly—and even that was like the soft haze of twilight.

Collyer and I can never forget some of that "night" aviation in crossing the Siberian steppes. There was a weird quality about the lights and shadows. It was like some semi-sad, yet pleasant and haunting nocturne. The effect will always linger in our recollection as a sort of art photographer's dim print in modulated gray tones. No wonder, as I have already mentioned in my detailed narrative of our new dreamlike Asiatic journey by air, that we found the inhabitants had a sad, depressed spiritual quality.

That air trip will always remain the outstanding adventure of my life. Imagine landing at Cherbourg from a liner, visiting briefly a dozen cities as though on a magic carpet straight out of the Arabian Nights, and in five days and twenty-

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one hours, boarding another liner, some 9,000 miles away.

Is there anything more wonderful in the Arabian Nights than that, in all the sheer, glowing Oriental imagery of its pages? The only difference is that our experience was real! Even now I feel like pinching myself to see whether I am just dreaming about it. Women drinking cocktails on the Paris boulevards, garbed in the latest French frocks—and less than a week later, women in silken kimonos sipping tea at Tokio and Yokohama.

One night, sauerbraten and beer in Koenigsberg, the next day Russian walnut and cinnamon cakes with tea from the spigot of a huge brass samovar in Moscow. Old-fashioned Jews wearing striped praying shawls to their synagogues; Russians furtively bowing before icons in their domed temples; Orientals for whom Lao-Tze and Confucius were divine prophets and others whose nature gods were ancient before our churches were born.

Before us the wide-cheeked Slav merged into the slant-eyed Mongol. Every day changes glimpsed in architecture, dress and customs—

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things ordinary travelers might observe only in weeks or months of wandering.

All of these things have become part of the impressions which make up the world-wide cyclorama of our journey.

The approximate statistics showing how we outraced Luna are subjoined, since they are a graphic and condensed index to our entire trip:

Our shortest day's journey was the fourteenth day from New York, after leaving Yokohama on board the *Empress of Russia*, when we made only 306 miles. Our longest mileage was made on the eleventh day when we flew 1,650 miles from Novo-Sibirsk to Chita in Siberia.

Incidentally, Krasnoyarsk was our farthest point north on the entire route around the world, at which point we reached 56 degrees north latitude. Osaka saw us at our most southerly point, where we were at 34 degrees north latitude.

Official time of trip: 23 days, 15 hours, 21 minutes and 3 seconds.

Average daily mileage: 840 miles.

Average miles per hour: 35 miles.

This narrator made his first flight sitting on the

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ITINERARY

	Place	*Date*	*Hour*	*Mileage*
Left	Battery, New York City...	June 29	.. 5 A.M.....	
Arr.	Cherbourg, France	July 5	..11 A.M.....	3,687
Left	Cherbourg	" 5	.. 2 P.M.....	
Arr.	Paris	" 5	.. 3:50 P.M.....	180
Left	Paris	" 5	.. 6 P.M.....	
Arr.	Cologne, Germany	" 5	.. 9 P.M.....	330
Left	Cologne	" 6	.. 4 A.M.....	
Arr.	Berlin	" 6	.. 9 A.M.....	510*
Left	Berlin	" 6	.. 2 P.M.....	
Arr.	Koenigsberg	" 6	.. 5:30 P.M.....	400
Left	Koenigsberg	" 7	.. 2 A.M.....	
Arr.	Moscow, Russia	" 7	..10 A.M.....	800
Left	Moscow	" 7	.. 1 P.M.....	
Arr.	Kazan	" 7	.. 7 P.M.....	510
Left	Kazan	" 8	.. 2 A.M.....	
Arr.	Kourgan, Siberia	" 8	.. 9 A.M.....	704
Left	Kourgan	" 8	.. 1 P.M.....	
Arr.	Novo-Sibirsk	" 8	.. 8 P.M.....	736
Left	Novo-Sibirsk	" 9	.. 2 A.M.....	
Arr.	Krasnoyarsk	" 9	.. 8 A.M.....	582
Left	Krasnoyarsk	" 9	.. 9 A.M.....	
Arr.	Chita	" 9	..10 P.M.....	1,068
Left	Chita	" 10	.. 2 A.M.....	
Arr.	Mukden, Manchuria	" 10	.. 3 P.M.....	1,290
Left	Mukden	" 11	.. 3 A.M.....	
Arr.	Ping Yang, Korea	" 11	.. 7 A.M.....	360
Left	Ping Yang	" 11	.. 8 A.M.....	
Arr.	Osaka, Japan	" 11	.. 3 P.M.....	696
Left	Osaka	" 11	.. 4 P.M.....	
Arr.	Tokio	" 11	.. 7:45 P.M.....	374*
Left	Yokohama	" 12	.. 3 P.M.....	
Arr.	Victoria, B. C.	" 20	..10 P.M.....	4.848
Left	Victoria	" 21	.. 3:47 A.M.....	
Arr.	Spokane, Wash.	" 21	.. 7 A.M.....	350
Left	Spokane	" 21	.. 7:30 A.M.....	
Arr.	Minneapolis, Minn.	" 21	.. 7:47 P.M.....	1,250
Left	Minneapolis	" 22	.. 3:50 A.M.....	
Arr.	Chicago, Ill.	" 22	.. 7:30 A.M.....	350
Left	Chicago	" 22	.. 8 A.M.....	
Arr.	Cleveland, Ohio	" 22	..11 A.M.....	325
Left	Cleveland	" 22	..11:10 A.M.....	
Arr.	Middletown, Pa.	" 22	.. 4:30 P.M.....	475*
Left	Middletown	" 22	.. 4:55 P.M.....	
Arr.	Miller Field, S. I., N. Y....	" 22	.. 6:56 P.M.....	200
Arr.	Battery, New York City....	" 22	.. 8:21 P.M.....	9
	TOTAL MILEAGE COVERED			20,034

* NOTE:—The distance actually flown was here in excess of airline distance because of fog conditions. The figure is approximate, according to our calculations.

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wing of an old Jenny biplane, a type of bird now as extinct as the dodo, the roc, or the albatross. "I learned about flying from her," as I hung onto struts and wires, with my feet dangling out over space and a swift breeze coursing up my trouser legs.

This was in 1913, on my first record trip around the world. That was the occasion when I learned the meaning of flight. The insidious virus was to remain in my system.

The plane had a nearly wide-open cockpit and one seat—for the exclusive occupancy of the pilot! I clung to my position on that wing for three-quarters of an hour. Flight in any kind of plane in existence fifteen years ago was a real adventure. Machines then were made flimsily of kite sticks and tissue paper, or equally fragile materials, at least to the testimony of the naked eye. The engines were toylike, temperamental affairs.

Tie a Ford car to one of Mr. Ford's own big planes to-day under similar conditions and take off! You'd probably yank the car to kingdom come. I think this experiment might make a fine movie stunt for the Hollywood thrill-seekers!

Only within the last few years, too, have the

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airplane manufacturers been turning out some real commercial airplanes for the public; previously only a chosen few of them, subsidized by high prices, had been in that stage where the Army and Navy were their best customers. Going out into the open market to buy a good all-round plane for private use was a futile endeavor unless you paid a fortune for it, and even then it had to be built to order, as there was nothing in stock ready for delivery.

I am informed that to-day there are more than 200 manufacturers of airplanes in the United States and sixty manufacturers of aviation engines. They are doing a good business and many of them are far behind in filling their orders. Military men are now able to say that if a war should suddenly burst upon us we would not be caught the way we were in 1917, when hundreds of millions were thrown away on a wooden airplane construction program and upon "experimental" work which to-day seems childish.

It seems to me that we may thank our lucky stars for the present situation, for if what we call civilization permits another war, we may be sure that in it aircraft will play the leading rôle. Coll-

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yer and I were amazed on our trip to note the truly tremendous development of both military and commercial flying in western Europe; Russia, including Siberia; China, and Japan. The rest of the world seems to be putting its main reliance in aircraft, notably Russia and Japan.

My 1913 flight at least set me to thinking; one never forgets essaying his first lift into the air! Nor his first landing either!

My belief is that our record will not be greatly excelled until such time as the entire trip may be made by airplane, crossing both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans as well as the continents of Europe, Asia and North America. It will have to be done either with a rigid dirigible airship of great cruising radius, or we shall have to wait until a multi-motored plane is perfected which will give us a flying radius of 8,000 to 10,000 miles.

The perfected rigid dirigible airship of semi-permanent metallic covering and dependable power plant is unquestionably on the way. The same thing may be said of an entirely new type of airplane engine which will not use gasoline for fuel.

A semi-Deisel engine of high speed and power

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and low fuel consumption per horsepower per hour, such as the Government is now seeking to perfect, may be the answer. Or we may see the development of a high speed, high pressure steam engine for aviation, using cheap distillate in a spray burner to make steam in an insulated combustion chamber.

Since my first flight I have traveled about a lot by airplane and noted that the most modern types of ships are on the whole reliable, within their possible ranges of performance. I am convinced that it is much safer to travel at 120 miles an hour by plane, in the air, than it is to travel 40 miles an hour by automobile on the ground, especially if in the latter case you are traveling with a Sunday driver!

The new types of rigid dirigible airships of giant proportions being built in England and Germany, however, having vastly greater gas capacity and displacement than our own "Los Angeles," which was also constructed in Germany and successfully flown across the Atlantic to this country a few years ago, will be able to beat my own record, I think, if put to the test.

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Collyer and I made about as long hops per day, with what corresponds to pay load, and a comparatively light pay load, as are possible at present with the average single-engined ship. Everything considered, 1,000 or 1,200 miles for a day's haul with a pay load is a fairly good airplane average at present.

For our longest day of travel in Siberia, when we did 1,650 miles, we started with 300 gallons of gasoline, weighing six pounds to the gallon, and we took on additional fuel for the second leg of the flight. Our Wasp motor consumed about twenty gallons of aviation gas an hour.

England's new R-100 type of dirigible, which, I am told, will soon be flown between the British Isles and the United States and Canada, presents great possibilities for globe-girdling in a hurry. Ultimately it is expected the R-100 will be used in regular service between London and Calcutta, India. Wherever she flies there must be a suitable hangar, mooring-mast and servicing facilities, such as our own Navy maintains for the "Los Angeles" at Lakehurst, N. J.

This great airship, now being completed, has a

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gas capacity of nearly 5,000,000 cubic feet, or twice that of the "Los Angeles," and will have a speed of about 75 miles an hour while carrying 100 passengers and 27 tons of mail and express matter. With an estimated non-stop flight range of 4,000 miles, five or six mooring masts would have to be made available for her if a flight around the world over the route I took were attempted.

If the R-100 were able to average 60 miles an hour throughout such a trip, considering head winds and other elementals of the problem, she would be doing very well on the 20,000-mile voyage. Her flying time then would be 14 days. If she were allowed another two days for her stops, repairs and servicing, the total would be 16 days, which would take a week off my record.

Of course, it would be an expensive trip to send such a great airship, 711 feet long and 130 feet in diameter, around the globe, but the event would unquestionably be hailed with enthusiasm by all aviators and by the international public as well.

Our own modest and inconsequential trip around the world by airplane and steamship in 1928, al-

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though it set an unprecedented mark, will be laughed at, I predict, within the next decade, for we are on the very eve of much swifter transportation. The nations of the world are crying for faster connections with one another, and great engineering brains and economists and statesmen are concentrating on these problems.

Henry Ford in an interview said that to guarantee peace between nations they must be brought so close together through man-made reductions of distance that their populations could understand the ideals, aims and customs of one another without the biased and selfish interpretations of diplomatists. Undoubtedly the motor master was correct in that view.

Fusion of peoples follows the annihilation of space and time, and such a fusion of peoples in mutual understanding, of course, wipes out causes for misunderstandings which lead to warfare. So lowering of records for swift travel, such as my effort accomplished, means something more than "just another stunt."

Although I'm only an amateur in aviation—what they call an "observer" in the Army—I have

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had something more than a smattering in mechanics, a subject in which I've always been keenly interested since I was a lad. The bicycle, the automobile, the radio, and the airplane have in turn held charm for me. My flair for mechanics manifested itself in one of the first automobiles ever seen on the streets of Chicago. In 1900 I attached a gas engine of my own devising to a buggy body, connected up the power with the wheels, provided a method of steering and chugged through the thoroughfares of the Windy City at the feverish pace of eighteen miles an hour.

Pedestrians scurried to safety. Startled horses reared in their tracks. The police warned me that my contraption was a menace to the public safety. They told me either to find myself a private speedway or else lock the fool thing in a barn.

It's a far cry from driving up Michigan Avenue, Chicago, by horseless carriage in 1900 to slithering across Europe and Asia in five days and twenty-one hours by airplane in 1928. But what will another twenty-eight years bring forth, what with isolation of atoms and with television movies and the miracles of radio already a fact?

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CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE viewpoint of executive officers of the Federal Government at Washington, as expressed following our return, proved a most gratifying factor in our welcome home. There came the much-prized message from President Coolidge. Postmaster General Harry S. New and Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aëronautics William P. McCracken took pains to analyze our passage when I called upon them soon after my return. New, father of the air mail, and really responsible for the rapid advancement of commercial aviation in this country, was quite enthusiastic over the success of our journey, and said: "Obviously our record flight portends more rapid international mail-carrying."

I am greatly interested in the incombustible fuel for airplanes and automobiles which has just been demonstrated at Paris by Makhonine, the Russian inventor. It was shown that this fuel was non-explosive, and that it would extinguish a fire when the fluid was poured over it. This will mean much

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to long distance mail-carrying by plane and will, perhaps, figure in the making of future circumnavigation records.

Another possible breaker of our record is the first all-metal steam-driven dirigible airship, the "City of Glendale," being completed at Glendale, California, and being made ready for flight. The possibilities in these lighter-than-air craft for long-distance mail carrying, with vertical landings on tops of buildings in the centers of large cities, present a new outlook for popular air travel of the future, as well as for military scouting.

I am looking hopefully forward to the time when my world travel record may be substantially lowered through the employment of newer and faster types of aircraft driven by entirely novel motive power plant.

Collyer and I had one regret over the really crucial part of our trip by air, which was across Russian territory, of course. That was, that we were not permitted to make use of the high-grade camera with which we were equipped. The only lenses we were permited to use were our eyes and flying goggles.

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Both my first and second races around the grand circle brought me closer to the remainder of the world than I ever dreamed I could be. And they have given me a better understanding, as they would almost any traveler under similar circumstances, of those remoter lands and a friendlier feeling for their peoples.

My trips of 1913 and 1928, and of the former I am going to give the reader an account for the sake of a fifteen-year comparison, were only those of another pioneer in quick travel. But once the world generally insists upon and adopts swifter transport, the world's economics and politics will be gradually affected to the end that misunderstanding and world strife will decrease.

My two round-the-world journeys have taught me, among other things, that the masses of people of all countries don't want war.

With propinquity from the angle of time will come a general advancement toward that Utopia of universal peace and brotherly love for which all sane, thoughtful people are striving. There will be no need of a League of Nations, no need of an international court, no need of diplomatists'

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suspicious treaties with tongues in cheek and an eyelid down; not any more need than there is for such organizations between the highly cosmopolitan sections of New York City where a hundred alien tongues are spoken.

Perhaps I feel more deeply on these questions now than I did at the time of my first globe-girdling record, for I have since seen more of life, of the world itself, and in the meantime a disastrous world war has intervened.

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

AS I discovered in 1912 and 1913 when making ready for my thirty-five-day jaunt by steamship and railway train, if one wants to travel around the world in record time he has to start before he begins. Excepting in lectures, immediately after my return, by means of which I vainly tried to emulate Burton Holmes and Newman, I think I have never before told the real story of that first travel record enterprise.

The whole of that trip had to be mapped entirely by means of time-tables and I learned the truth of the Baedeker proverb:

"Nothing lies like a time-table!"

I was obliged to spend many weary weeks figuring out time-tables in half a dozen languages to which I was an utter stranger. Even after I thought I had these travel schedules licked, I couldn't be sure of anything. They wouldn't stay put. They were absolutely "subject to change without notice."

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When I was eventually ready to board the *Mauretania* I thought I was traveling light but I had with me a lot of equipment compared to what I took with me by airplane in this year of grace, 1928. In addition to what I wore I toted along an overcoat, two cameras, a large package of films and a suitcase containing:

One dinner suit.

One flannel suit.

Eighteen shirts.

Thirty-six collars.

Six cravats.

Five suits of light underwear.

A complete complement of "necessary" toilet articles.

I was going de luxe compared to my later trip.

Then, in addition to my personal effects, I carried the knick-knacks of devoted friends which they wanted me to convey around the world for them to acquire some mystic virtue for these articles. If I had taken along all the things I was asked to transport, I should have needed several trunks.

Among the things I did take was a diamond

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solitaire engagement ring which had been returned to one of my friends three times. He thought if I took it with me it might remove the curse from it so that it would remain on the next finger on which he placed it.

I carried a small doll for my little daughter, a gold piece for Mrs. John Drew and an alarm clock which was sent to me by an anonymous young lady.

John Drew asked me:

"Why are you taking with you such an absurd thing as this alarm clock?"

"Say, take a look at this photograph," I replied. "This came along with the alarm clock. I would carry a grand piano around the world for a girl like that!" It will be observed that youth is susceptible to beauty.

Many of my well-meaning friends tried to discourage me from making that first trip, and not a few tried to dissuade me from my journey fifteen years later. In both cases they argued that I was not fitted to endure the hardships and strains of such journeys!

Not long before I started on my first trip I was

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pondering the negative advice I had received when I felt a small hand on my arm and a childish voice said:

"Cheer up, Daddy Man, I'm sure you can do it."

It was my little four-year-old daughter, Elizabeth. I made up my mind that I should let nothing stop me from making the race and winning.

My official starting-point was from the office of the *Evening Sun* and the time was at 12:40 on the morning of July 2nd, 1913. Accompanied by my little daughter and a few friends, I entered an automobile. Many persons in the crowd came forward to press my hand and wish me luck. Commissioner "Big Bill" Edwards stood, watch in hand, and on the tick of 12:45 he wished me Godspeed, the car shot forward and the race was on.

We swept across Park Row to Chambers Street, turned the corner on two wheels, and tore across Broadway toward the Hudson River and the pier. The river front was almost deserted, so our heavy car whirled uptown at a really terrific rate. Just above Canal Street we were stopped by the law!

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"I'm just starting on a trip around the world to beat the record and I've got to make the *Mauretania,*" I exclaimed to the traffic policeman.

His whole attitude changed immediately.

"Why, I read all about you in the paper tonight. Go along with you, my boy, and good luck. Give me love to old Ireland when you—"

But we sped on for the Cunard pier which we reached at 12:55, where I paused for a moment for a flashlight and said my good-bys to my family and friends gathered at the gangplank. A blast roared from the *Mauretania's* whistle and I leaped up the gangplank, which was immediately swung ashore, and the voyage of the Atlantic record-holding ship began.

There were many celebrated and highly interesting people aboard for fellow passengers, one of them being more celebrated than Phileas Fogg, Nellie Bly, and the rest of us globe-circlers. He was Marconi, whom I found full of the charm and simplicity that are the natural attributes of greatness.

He was accompanied by his attractive wife and by Miss Inez Milholland, then known for her

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rather militant and brilliant advocacy of the cause of woman suffrage. I found Miss Milholland one of the most beautiful and interesting girls I'd ever met. Although I hadn't thought much about the cause of the suffragettes, it didn't take her long to win me over to it completely!

Another passenger was the late Judge E. H. Gary, head of the United States Steel Corporation.

Miss Doris Keane, the actress, was on board, en route for a week at Paris in which to purchase new gowns.

Then Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, the celebrated English barefoot dancer, was bound for London and to my amazement, she was carrying sixteen trunks. Having seen her dance the week before, I had imagined she might travel with even less luggage than myself.

Transferred to the tender at Fishguard, England, I found Mr. Fred Grundy, London correspondent of the *Evening Sun,* waiting to greet me.

Mr. Grundy went down to London with me by train, where we arrived at two in the morning of the day following. It was the height of the "sea-

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son" and all the big hotels were full up. But after two hours of search I located a room at a small hotel called the Arundel, almost opposite the house where Dr. Benjamin Franklin lived during his first visit to London.

Having slept three hours I was up at seven-thirty. An hour later I was breakfasting at the Savoy.

After half an hour with some London pressmen, Grundy and I took a taxi and started out to "do" London in a hurry, à la tripper, but with this difference: I don't believe any one ever met so many notables or saw so much of London in a short time as I did.

We drove along the Strand and through Trafalgar Square, visiting the National Gallery, the Nelson Monument and St. Martin's Church. Then we coursed along Pall Mall to Marlborough House, St. James Palace, Queen Victoria's Memorial, and thence to the American Embassy to call upon Ambassador Walter Hines Page.

Next in my whirlwind dash, I took in the Westminster Roman Catholic Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. From there we drove through Scot-

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land Yard to Mansion House, with rapid calls at Temple Church, the Cheshire Cheese, St. Paul's, the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England.

We arrived at the Mansion House just past noon, where I was received by the Lord Mayor, Sir David Burnett, who gave me a most cordial welcome and invited me to luncheon with him at 1:30. I looked a little blank and regretfully stated that I had already accepted an invitation to lunch with the Honorable Norton Griffiths at two at the House of Commons.

Sir David laughed and said that if I could go around the world in thirty-five days I ought to be able to manage two luncheons in one day. I accepted, and as it was still 45 minutes to lunch time, Grundy and I popped off again and saw the Mint, London Tower, Southwark Cathedral and Harvard Chapel, after which we returned to the Mansion House by way of London Bridge.

After being presented to the Lady Mayoress and her two lovely daughters I sat down before a glittering array of plate and glasses with the former Lord Mayor, Sir William Treloar; Colonel Kerr Fox, Sword Bearer to the Corporation of London;

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Childs Cooper, Head Sheriff of London; Sir William Soulsby and Edwin Fox.

The table was decorated with the municipal corporation's famous gold plate. I was placed next to the Lady Mayoress. The Lord Mayor insisted, and I was glad of it, that I take with him and the other guests a glass of the renowned Mansion House port. The flavor and memory of that port linger with me still.

At two o'clock Mr. Grundy and I made our hurried farewells and dashed off to the House of Commons. There we found the Honorable Norton Griffiths awaiting us at the members' gate. We immediately tackled luncheon No. 2, and since we had been discreet at the Mansion House, we did well by it, washed down as it was by—but why be disagreeable? Our host escorted me through the Parliament Buildings, and introduced me to a number of members.

John Redmond, the great Irish leader, exclaimed:

"I wish I were going with you, Mr. Mears, on such a trip!"

Others I met included H. Pike Pease, the Sergeant-at-Arms; Bonar Law, leader of the Opposi-

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tion; the Right Honorable J. Pease, Minister of Education; Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty; Kier Hardie, Labor Leader, and Prime Minister Asquith. We found Sir Edward Grey had just left the building, so we rushed out and saw him on the opposite side of the courtyard.

"Want to make a run for it?" inquired the agreeable Griffiths.

"Sure thing," I replied.

So he sprinted across, coat-tails flying, and I after him. He was a better sprinter than I. And it was a funny spectacle to see this dignified M. P. tearing across Palace Yard.

Sir Edward gave me a hearty greeting when overtaken, and his witty first words were:

"Out of breath already!"

My recent journey, I regret to say, permitted no such social dallying.

It was now nearly train time, so after a brief call at the Savage Club, I arrived at Charing Cross and just caught the 4:30 Paris boat train for Dover. There I boarded a channel steamer for Calais and found that usually tempestuous piece of water as smooth as a mill pond.

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CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

UPON my arrival at Paris that night at eleven o'clock, I was met by Mr. Frank Grundy, also a *Sun* correspondent, a brother of the London correspondent, and by Mr. André Jaegar-Schmidt, the man whose record in going around the world I was trying to beat. The latter gave me a most hearty welcome, too.

My things were sent to the Hotel Meurice and I was promptly escorted to the office of *Excelsior,* for which M. Jaegar-Schmidt was a staff writer. This was the newspaper under whose auspices he had gone around the world. A delightful supper was served for me in the editorial rooms of *Excelsior* and my rival proposed my health in these words:

"It is really a great pleasure for me to be able to greet you in your short stay at Paris and to wish for you success in your undertaking. I know myself that amidst trains, boats, and trains again, one is particularly glad to find himself among friends.

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"May I wish for you that you enjoy your brief visit in Paris as much as I did the great metropolis of the New World through which I passed. You have started forth to break my record. You may succeed. In fact, I sincerely hope you do, and that is why I drink a toast to your safe arrival in New York less than thirty-nine days after your departure."

After the supper M. Jaegar-Schmidt inquired whether I would like to pay a visit to Montmartre. As this sounded like a fair and reasonable suggestion, we taxied to the Abbaye, looking in at Maxim's on the way. I had a great time that night turkey-trotting—do you remember the turkey-trot?—and since I knew several steps that were new to Paris, I was quite popular as a dancing partner.

Before the night had waned we visited several other lively cafés with the result that I did not roll up to the Meurice until nearly six in the morning. I was up again at eight and if truth must be told, I felt rather rocky. A cold bath, followed by an ample breakfast, soon revived me and I felt entirely able to sally forth and resume the Battle of

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Paris. I mention these details now to emphasize how differently we traveled on our recent race against the moon.

Mr. Grundy called for me and we drove to the American Embassy for a call upon Ambassador Herrick, just as I was to do fifteen years later when on a similar mission. And I found that engaging personality awaiting me. As I entered the room he observed whimsically:

"I trust, Mr. Mears, that you didn't forget to turn off the gas before leaving home."

Thereby indicating that he remembered Phileas Fogg, whose gasbill mounted as he scurried for eighty days around the globe.

President Lowell of Harvard University, who was the guest of Mr. Herrick at the Embassy during a stay in Paris, joined us, and he displayed considerable interest in my project. Next, Mr. Grundy and I were photographed with the Ambassador just as another visual proof of my progress, and after receiving the diplomatic blessing off we dashed again on a cyclonic tour of Paris.

First we proceeded to the Elysée Palace, where we were informed that President Poincaré would

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receive me at three o'clock that afternoon, as he was absent somewhere in the city on affairs of state. As my train departed at 1:45 P.M. I was unable to keep the appointment. I left cards for His Excellency.

Driving through the imposing Place de la Concorde, we entered the Rue de Rivoli and proceeded to the Louvre, where Mr. Grundy explained my mission to a guide and said I had just fifteen minutes in which to inspect that vast treasure house of art.

The attendant was politely horror-stricken and explained that though Monsieur might be able to go around the world in thirty-five days, he most assuredly would be unable to see the Louvre or travel around it in a quarter of an hour.

We compromised by obtaining fleeting glimpses of the Venus de Milo, some of the French crown jewels and certain art gifts of J. Pierpont Morgan. A little later we had a panoramic view from the taxicab of the Eiffel Tower, Napoleon's Tomb and of the Champs Elysées. There followed a dash through the Latin Quarter to the Luxembourg Museum and gardens and then on we sped back to

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the heart of the capital for refreshments at the Café de la Paix opposite the Opéra.

In those days any American found sidewalk café life fascinating enough, but to-day of course there's just no use talking about it. From the famous corner where you can encounter almost any one of your acquaintances if you just wait long enough, in that respect resembling Broadway at 42nd Street, we drove to the Gare du Nord, where I boarded my train for Berlin.

After a farewell chat with newspapermen and posing for a camera man I took to my compartment, which I found was numbered thirteen. Since I am not superstitious, this didn't bother me a particle.

In the course of a stop at Erquileines an Englishman approached me and inquired:

"Aren't you Mr. Mears? I saw your picture and an article about your trip in to-day's London *Daily Mail*.

He was Lord Aberconway, builder of the *Mauretania* and the *Lusitania*. In a chat with me on the subject of fast ships, and transportation

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generally, in which I was naturally keenly interested, he remarked:

"I greatly doubt that any faster ships than the *Mauretania* and *Lusitania* ever will be constructed for the trans-Atlantic service. It costs so much to run them that only an extra heavy subsidy from a government source would make their duplication possible."

It was thus that I added another gentleman to my acquaintance through whose skill I was able to accomplish my purpose of making an earth belting travel record.

When I reached Berlin at 8 o'clock next morning I found Mr. Thomas, another correspondent, awaiting me and we drove to the Adlon Hotel, where the proprietor, Mr. Adlon, welcomed me cordially. He had recently visited New York, Chicago and other American cities to obtain the latest wrinkles in hotel management and service and had hired an expert Broadway drink-mixer for his bar.

I heard some one say, "Why hello, John!" and turned about to find Rube Goldberg, the comic strip artist, then on the staff of the New York *Evening Mail* and now in the Hearst service.

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Of course I paid a visit to the American Embassy. One does on this sort of galloping excursion, and Ambassador Leishman, who had the mission at that time, was most kindly and helpful in expediting my formalities for the Russian border. That Russian border had never been any too easy for foreigners.

The Ambassador inspected my passport and then requested Willing Spencer, Second Secretary, to escort me to the Russian Embassy, where a special passport was bestowed upon me. Not only that, but a telegram was despatched to the frontier town of Wirballen to make certain that my entrance into the Czar's realm was attended with no difficulties.

As we left the Russian Embassy, I noticed a striking looking Berlin policeman and attempted to photograph him. The well-upholstered cop was camera shy, however, and hid behind a pillar. Willing Spencer explained to the law's minion that many pretty American girls would just dote on his classic features and diplomacy won. Secretary Spencer snapped a picture of both the policeman

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and me, arm in arm, which seemed to give the impression that I had been arrested!

My train for Russia did not depart until that night, so the afternoon was spent in sight-seeing. No wonder it took thirty-five days to get around the world in 1913—waiting something like sixteen hours for a train that was poky even after one was aboard and going. An airplane to-day will cover a lot of ground in sixteen hours—at almost three times the speed of the average "fast train."

And that was precisely the difference between my two record-making trips around the world. On my first attempt at speedy travel, and certainly it was speedy for those days, I had enough time usually, wherever I went, to see something of the cities and of the country landscape as I went along. But on my 1928 expedition, traveling literally on the wing most of the distance, my views were fleeting indeed. It was a case of speed and not of sight-seeing.

Of course we visited the Kaiser's Palace, although His Imperial Majesty, so soon to be a central figure in the most devastating war the world has ever known, was not at home. Naturally I

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saw the Cathedral, the big Museum, the Reichstag and the Brandenberg Gate.

Then I got my first view, as I recollect, of another form of fast transportation, a great Zeppelin airship. It was flying at a low altitude, perhaps not more than a few hundred feet up, and I had a particularly good view of its impressive dimensions and its design.

Apparently it was such a common sight to the Berliners that passersby paid scarcely any attention to it. The Germans then, as now, were far ahead of the rest of the world in the matter of dirigibles and their operation for commercial purposes.

I was informed that one could be taxied around for a whole hour in a Zeppelin for only fifty dollars! Such aërial taxi-riding is, of course, much less expensive to-day.

We motored through Charlottenburg and the Grünewald Forest to Potsdam, gazed on the renowned Sans Souci Palace, and thence returned to the Adlon, where waiting motion picture men postured me with Rube Goldberg, who was my host at dinner. After cordials and coffee we visited

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the Admiral's Palace, the Ice Ballet, and other points illustrating the night life of the German capital, following which I boarded the night express for St. Petersburg, later Petrograd, and now Leningrad. It seems odd to set down the old name.

The Russian frontier was reached at noon next day. It is no exaggeration to say that I approached it with fear and trembling.

But I employed a Broadway technic, which I have always found works well anywhere in Europe—and if it holds good generally to-day, it does not hold good in Russia.

A tallish official with a long black beard, who spoke English fluently, examined my passports, American and Russian. He took a quick look at my baggage, and by some legerdemain, a perfectly good ten-ruble note slipped from my pocket into his. As a result I was slipped speedily and painlessly into Russia.

I arrived at St. Petersburg on the morning of the 12th and found that impressive city flooded with brilliant sunshine and the populace gayly celebrating the Petropaviosk, a great national holi-

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day—that is, it was a great holiday then. It was the feast of the twin saints, Peter and Paul, whose names were given to the fortress of the old capital, and to the church where the royal Romanoffs were buried.

My six crowded hours at St. Petersburg were spent under the guidance of Mr. Rennet, newspaper correspondent, with the aid of the isvosschik of a droshky. Our worthy Jehu drove us at a rattling gait over the cobbles. Our first stop, by prearrangement, was at the monument of Peter the Great on the banks of the Neva, where M. Buller, the Imperial photographer, awaited us. He took several pictures of Peter and me.

Next we inevitably visited the American Embassy, where, after pulling the reverberating bell at the gate, the sacred portal opened just a crack, but not enough for a bomb to be tossed in by some Nihilist. About two feet of luxuriant chin whiskers protruded through the opening. I knew I was being examined with critical suspicion. Mr. Rennet uttered some cabalistic words whereupon we were permitted to slip into the reception room, where I was met by an Under-Secretary of the

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Embassy, the Ambassador and most of his staff being on vacation at a Black Sea resort.

Much to my disappointment, I was informed that the American authorities had been unable to obtain from the Russian Government a permit for me to take photographs in their picturesque land. This, in spite of the fact that the State Department (in 1913, of course) had cabled a request several weeks before I left New York.

"What about taking photographs along the line of the Trans-Siberian Railway?" I inquired.

The official's reply was:

"I would not advise you to try it. If you do you will certainly get into trouble. The use of the camera by foreigners is absolutely forbidden by the government and the railroad is guarded by many soldiers at every station.

"The trains are carefully inspected. Two Americans were arrested only last week with cameras and were kept in a not too pleasant prison for five days before we were able to obtain their release. And it is easier for a foreigner to get into prison here than it is to get out!"

It was a great disappointment to me not to be

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able to take photographs along the most interesting part of my journey. But a Russian photographer took a picture of me at the Embassy, as a souvenir, and Mr. Rennet and I boarded our droshky again and started forth to see something of the city.

About the first spectacle to greet my eye—and I use the word "spectacle" advisedly, was that of a real Russian coachman for a private family. He was the most corpulent coachman I had ever seen in my life, but I learned that the effect of robust embonpoint was produced by means of a heavily padded coat and by reason of vanity. Mr. Rennet explained it.

"It is a part of the old tradition that a gentleman of rank and wealth must have a fat coachman. And the higher the rank, the fatter the coachman!"

There was something Oriental about that idea that appealed to me. The servant's aspect of being superlatively well-fed conveyed the thought of the master's generous prosperity, even though padding were necessary to achieve it!

What a contrast to the Russia of to-day, where

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slender efficiency prevails—privately employed coachmen, except for officials, are unknown!

We drove to the Palace Quay, on the left bank of the Neva and past the beautiful gardens of the great Palace and on to the Hermitage Museum, containing one of the most wonderful collections of art objects in the world. Peter the Great had begun the collection two centuries before.

The outward aspects of Slavic civilization and culture presented to my eye then—in my movie camera glimpse of it—strange and compelling scenes that savored both of sadness and gladness. Grim are the faces of the Russians to-day, uncompromisingly purposeful the youth and adult alike. To-day Russia takes even its play seriously—measures it out scientifically.

Two long lines of beggars flanked the façade of the stately St. Isaac's Cathedral. I stood almost aghast at the splendor of the interior of the great edifice. Here, as much as without, one realized he was in a far-off alien land—on the very borderland of the barbaric East, with all of its magnificence and its hospitality, its cruelty and poverty.

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Large altars of solid gold, studded with rich gems, reached from floor to dome—among them some of the largest diamonds in the world. And just without the porch, I pondered, were those long lines of beggars. There were no pews in the Greek church, and the congregation remained standing during the brief service. Neither was there a sermon. Everywhere were icons, images of the Christ. Before one particular image, a long line of worshipers was passing, rich and poor, well-dressed or in rags. Each in turn prostrated himself and kissed the toe of this symbol.

Russia has discarded the ceremony; even the church has been, as Collyer and I were told, "nationalized." The precious vestments and ornaments of the esoteric Czarist régime have been cached by the Soviet authorities.

I was driven to the railroad station to begin the longest continuous train journey on the face of the earth, the journey which, fifteen years later, I was to make by plane in less than five days.

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CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

THERE were at least four men employed on the old Russian State Railway to do what would be the work of one man on an American railroad, and among the four the joint labor efficiency would amount to about one-quarter of an American worker's efforts.

Before I had ended my 1913 Siberian rail jaunt, I marveled how they contrived to give railway service at all.

The locomotives burned wood, as they did from fifty to seventy-five years ago in the United States, and it took a lot of time for a gang of deliberate Russians to put a load of fuel aboard an engine's tender.

Siberia is blazing hot in summer and I therefore, on advice, took an entire compartment to myself. Those who can arrange it take other means of travel if they are to cross Asia in the warm season. A journey planned for the cooler months or in winter meant that one had to book

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a berth weeks in advance, simply because the powers at St. Petersburg declined to provide extra equipment. Perhaps they were right. A special, or extra train, would have paralyzed the entire system.

I must concede that I found travel by the Trans-Siberian comfortable at any rate, though it was for the most part slow. My compartment, or cabin, as it was called, was quite large, and contained a small table with a reading lamp.

The dining car was equipped with electric fans, a library, and a piano. Once you were accustomed to it, the cooking was palatable, though it looked unappetizing and rather messy at first. Having been warned against Russian water, in which cholera germs were reputed to disport themselves, I drank a light and excellent Russian wine at dinner, and at other times a bottled water, Borjam.

The third day we arrived at Ekaterinburg, largest city in the Ural Mountain region. Incidentally, Collyer and I covered about the same distance from Moscow to the Urals in ten flying hours!

At Ekaterinburg, the Chef de Train sauntered up and announced:

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"We stop here. There is a washout ahead and it may take twelve hours to repair the roadbed. You would better go up to town and report back here at 8 o'clock this evening! Possibly we may be able to leave then!"

My heart sank! Twelve hours was a lot of time, that is, to any one except a Russian railroad man. This might mean the loss of my race.

It was two endless miles from the station to the town and the road was rough. When I asked the reason for the remoteness of the railway line, Mr. Hutchins, an American mining engineer on the train, smiled tolerantly and said:

"Graft."

The first and only thing about Ekaterinburg that reminded me of home!

Of course the Trans-Siberian was owned and operated by the Government, as was nearly everything else in Russia and Siberia then—and more than ever now. When the railway was being constructed the towns along the line had to lay a levy on all the people of any means in order to contribute generously to the government grafters, or else they didn't get the railway.

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This was done everywhere, Mr. Hutchins explained, and he knew precisely what he was talking about, as I discovered from other authoritative sources. Even in the case of Tonsk, the Siberian capital; when the citizenry courageously refused to stand and deliver, the government railway chiefs retaliated by seeing to it that the rail line was laid forty-eight miles to the southward!

The result was that the capital, instead of becoming an important city, remained merely a place with little else than government buildings. Fancy the old B. and O. having left Washington out of its calculations at an early stage in its history!

Having to be at the railway station at 8 o'clock, I set out fifteen minutes before that hour with Mr. Hutchins in a hired droshky. Hutchins instructed the isvosschik in Russian to take me to the station.

On the way I witnessed an extraordinary and strange sight. A great crowd of Ekaterinburgers surrounded eight policemen who were tossing a drunken peasant up and down in a large canvas used expressly for this purpose. The crowd cheered each high toss and jeered the excessive

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tippler. I ascertained that this man had delirium tremens and that this was a Russian panacea for the disorder.

I was unable to wait and learn of its efficacy, but my impression was that it ought either to kill or cure. Probably it would quickly restore sobriety to an imbiber of American bootleg liquor and it might be a good idea to have such a canvas handy in our American whisper-lows.

Presently I was to have a shock. Imagine my surprise and chagrin when my droshky driver pulled up in front of a large building which was not the railroad station. He quite apparently had misunderstood Mr. Hutchins.

I talked to him, naturally in English, and I swore at him. I made signs. I tried to imitate a railroad locomotive. All no good. He only smiled.

Then dawned an idea! I would draw for him the picture of a railway engine. I found that I had left my pencil in the train. Then I took a stick and traced in the mud what I regarded as an engine. My art was poor. More smiles, as though beaming on a little boy with his building blocks.

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It was now 7:58. I was frantic. I hastily looked through my pockets and luckily found a time-table with the picture of a train on one of its pages. I displayed it. Intelligence dawned on the face of the isvosschik.

He understood and started for the railway station at what was a break-neck pace for Ekaterinburg, no doubt. But I stood up in the back of the droshky, yelling like mad, waving my fists and exhausting my vocabulary of expletives.

We reached the station at five minutes after eight. I threw the driver a ruble and dashed out on the platform with every evidence of mental excitement, I imagine. No sign of my train, no sign of passengers, no sign of train crew!

Only Russian peasants. The train had gone without me!

I, who was trying to break a world record, had missed a train! I would be the laughing stock of America—and particularly of Jaegar-Schmidt, and the Paris *Excelsior* office!

These were my stunned thoughts as I walked down the platform, calling myself every conceivable form of ass.

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Then, heaven be praised, I caught sight of the Chef de Train and a Russian priest standing beside our train on a siding which, in my excitement, I had overlooked.

I actually trembled with joy!

I was quickly informed that we should not leave until early next morning. You may take my word for it that I stayed right there with that train and station. I had learned a lesson.

That night I saw an unforgettable incident. In the Fourth Class waiting room were several hundred peasants waiting for delayed trains. They lay down to sleep on that stone floor—no pillows. They were packed in like sardines, men, women and children, poor dears, while the stifling room filled with an odor that could only be compared to one in the Chicago stockyards. Travel for the many impoverished families, beyond the Urals, has not improved from what we glimpsed of it in 1928.

At six o'clock the next morning we pulled out, eighteen hours late. The Chef de Train assured me, however, that we should make up most of our time.

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CHAPTER NINETEEN

ABOUT noon of the day I departed from unforgettable Ekaterinburg, our train passed the washout which had caused the eighteen-hour delay. An American maintenance-of-way and repair gang would have restored the roadbed in two or three hours!

A little later we crossed the border into Siberia proper. There was a stone cross to mark the dividing line. The unfortunate exiles sent into Siberia called this the Weeping Stone. Their last view of the homeland!

We passed several emigrant trains on sidings on board which thousands were being transported from the overcrowded Russia into comparatively unpopulated Siberia. The government was then spending $25,000,000 a year on these colonization projects, but I was told that two-thirds of these colonists ultimately returned to Russia. They found themselves unable to withstand the rigorous hardships of the dreaded Siberian winter. And

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they have pretty severe winters in Russia itself, all the way from Leningrad down to the Ukraine!

These emigrant trains, I noted, were simply cattle cars intended for fifteen animals each, but with the difference that by nailing planks across them forty of the human cattle could be packed into a car, with plenty of room left for vermin. I saw no Russian emigrant family so poor that it failed to carry a big brass samovar for the brewing of tea. I don't know how the Russians would exist without their samovars.

In an all-day run to Omsk from Ekaterinburg, we made up only one hour of time, and things looked serious for the outcome of my rail journey to the Pacific. I decided to take matters into my own hands, for this would never do.

Through my friend, Mr. Blakel, a Russian banker, I conveyed a secret promise to the head engine driver of a present of twenty rubles if he made up another hour between Omsk and Tatarskara. The engineer forced his locomotive so hard in an effort to win the money that the train threatened to jump the rails!

The Chef de Train thought the chief engineer

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surely had gone crazy and rushed through the train excitedly, growling savagely through his long beard. We made up half an hour and I gave the driver ten rubles.

I continued to gain lost time at the rate of ten rubles to the half hour and once more the prospect of my arriving at Yokohama in time to make my steamship looked rosy.

We reached Krasnoyarsk nine hours late, but I had gained eight hours net against the clock at a cost of one hundred sixty rubles, or eighty dollars in American money.

Meantime the Chef de Train was suffering from an attack of dementia, or something near it. He was nearly crazy from the speed we were making. He got wind of my scheme finally through some informer, and threatened to have me arrested if I did not stop bribing the engine drivers.

I didn't wish to be arrested which would mean an end of all hopes for my trip, so I desisted from the tipping process. Simultaneously we stopped making up lost time, it is needless to add.

Realization came that unless something drastic were done, and done soon, my hope of arriv-

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ing at Vladivostok in time to catch the Osaka Shosen Kaisha steamer for Japan, was a forlorn one. If I failed to make that O. S. K. boat, it was all over.

Then I bethought myself of Mr. S. Mikami, General Passenger Agent of the Imperial Government Railways of Japan, with whom I had carried on correspondence relative to the preparations for my trip. Since the Osaka Shosen Kaisha was a Japanese line, I cabled asking assistance in my dilemma.

This Japanese gentleman responded nobly, and I was greatly relieved when I received his reply at the Irkutsk railway station. He called attention to the fact that the O. S. K. sailing was that of an imperial mail steamer, and that it could not be delayed for me.

He suggested that I leave the Trans-Siberian train at Harbin and proceed to Japan via Korea. In such event he kindly offered to use his influence with the South Manchurian and Chosen Railways, both being Japanese lines, to speed up transportation for me. He added that he would do all he could on his own road when I reached Japan.

I cabled Mr. Mikami immediately that I should

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follow his advice and should place myself entirely in his hands. So my hopes rose again. I had a fighting chance, at any rate, by changing my route.

East of Irkutsk, I noted that the railway apparently was operated under the direction of the Russian Army and not by the regular railway authorities. There were soldiers and officers everywhere, with barbed wire entanglements in evidence at bridgeheads, such as were used at the famous siege of Port Arthur.

Near and far, clear to the horizon, could be seen the encampments of regiments of soldiers. It looked as though the Russians were preparing for "eventualities" in the Far East: at least a demonstration was being made for the benefit of Japan. People said it looked as though there might be another Russo-Japanese war, little dreaming that both nations would be drawn to the same side in the coming great vortex of 1914.

Picturesque Lake Baikal came as a welcome break in the previously monotonous landscape, with which by this time I had become quite familiar. But what interested me most was not the scenery, but the people I saw. There was a strange mixture

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of races, gradually growing more oriental every day. It was a remarkable illustration of what neighborliness and being brought together mean in international relations.

Along the line of the railroad the most impressive buildings to be seen were the substantial station structures of brick where the train stopped, and I was able to get several surreptitious photographs of them. I felt the need, however, of being excessively careful with my camera.

Little children would come to the train platforms with flowers or wild strawberries to sell to the passengers. I noted that these youngsters invariably had the same grim, sullen, immobile faces. I do not remember ever having seen one of those children smile throughout my trip through Siberia. The children, to-day, look more grim, if possible, if not more emaciated.

After what seemed to me an interminable time our train eventually reached Harbin at 8 o'clock on the morning of Monday, July 21st. We were just nine hours late.

I said my farewells to fellow-passengers on the Trans-Siberian train, and changed over to the

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Chinese Eastern railway. Upon arrival at Chang Chung, where the line connected with the South Manchurian Railway, several solicitous Japanese came forward inquiring everywhere for Mr. Mears.

The committee greeted me with profound Oriental bows and great politeness. They promptly assured me that the entire South Manchurian system was at my disposal and that I was to be the guest of the company as far as Antung.

Best of all they gave me the news that they had held the Fusan Express for me eight hours! Praised be that man Mikami!

"Well, if that wasn't friendly coöperation with a sporting proposition, I don't know what is," I proclaimed.

My next stop was Mukden, sometime ancient capital of China, into which I was to fly with Charlie Collyer fifteen years later on an exactly similar mission. I had only a brief lay-over of forty minutes on my first visit, and I made the most of it.

A sight that immediately excited my interest and caused me to take a photograph, was a dignified looking Chinese gentleman walking down the

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street carrying a bird in a cage. It was quite the thing to take your pet bird out for a walk in this fashion, it was made known to me.

Imagine the comment if Mayor Walker paraded Fifth Avenue with his pet canary!

Lieutenant Edwin McLelland, of the United States Marine Corps, who was on his way home from China, boarded the train at Mukden, and traveled with me all the way to Yokohama. I found him a bully chap and we became great friends.

At Antung, terminus of the Chosen Railway, I was met by Mr. Myrayama, who had been deputized by the president of the railroad company, to escort me to Fusan. This engaging gentleman assured me that the line officials were going to get me to Fusan in time to catch the steamer for Shimonoseki.

Again I became the guest of a railroad. The tracks were cleared and the quickest journey ever made through Korea began. At times we made as high as a mile a minute. At every stop we found the stations policed by Japanese soldiers and it was noticeable that all the railway employees were Japanese.

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Mr. Myrayama entertained me throughout the entire journey and was the soul of courtesy. I learned much of Korean customs from him. He told me that Korean boys married at the age of sixteen, but that their brides had to be five or more years older. A Korean was never permitted to wear a hat until he had married.

We stopped for forty minutes at Seoul, the Korean capital, and I wandered up the main street to see the sights, many of which were queer enough to occidental eyes. Indicating the simplicity of these people, it was related how the former emperor was invited by Prince Ito of Japan to visit a Japanese battleship at Fusan. The Koreans, fearing their prince might be kidnapped, completely surrounded the warship with their little boats to prevent its leaving their harbor until the ruler was safely back on shore!

We arrived at Fusan at 10 o'clock in the evening of July 22nd, only three hours late. I found to my infinite relief and my great gratitude, that the steamer for Shimonoseki had been held for me, and I rushed on board, after extending my warm thanks to the Japanese officials.

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CHAPTER TWENTY

AFTER a refreshing night's sleep aboard ship I arrived in Japan at 8:30 the next morning. I found a royal reception awaiting me. The Imperial Government Railway had attached to the Tokio Express a private car that was used only for royal and distinguished visitors.

Again I was informed that I was to be the guest of the railway, and that the special car had been placed at my disposal. Lieutenant McLelland, being my friend, was invited to share the luxuries of the car with me, and we rode to Yokohama in nothing less than regal state.

My car contained an observation section, a dining saloon, staterooms and a kitchen. We had our own private chef and waiter. It was entertainment and hurry-up transportation de luxe.

No doubt a double-quick traveler, such as I have been on my two record trips in belting the earth, must miss many of the less apparent characteristics of the countries through which he speeds,

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but the beauty and artistic aspects of everyday life in Japan become apparent at once.

The familiar delicate shades on porcelain that are made in the Land of the Rising Sun are true reproductions of the soft, natural loveliness that seems to enfold one as though with a silken kimono. The soft gray and silver of moonlight on the Inland Sea is faithfully reflected in much of Japanese art.

One requires the language of an idyllic poet to attempt a description of the fascinating scenes, scents and sounds that assail the senses in the strangely and ethereally beautiful domain of the Mikados. Merely to pass through it by train gives one a new sense of art values, a new appreciation of the background for Japanese delicacy of feeling.

Our train departed from Shimonoseki at 9:50 A.M. and during the day we passed many rice and barley fields. From the train, in 1913, the fields were beautiful, but from the air, in 1928, they were a menace which we sought to leave as rapidly as possible. At the stations we saw many types of people who were quaint of appearance to our unaccustomed eyes. There were Shinto priests and

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their dancing girls to be seen occasionally, the latter indicating some of the more obvious consolations of religion in Japan. Even peddlers danced to attract custom.

At a way station I was joined by Mr. Mikami, saviour of my hopes for a world record. He had journeyed down from Tokio to greet me, accompanied by Mr. Kinoshita, General Traffic Manager of the Imperial Railways, in order to escort me personally to Yokohama. You may be sure I was deeply touched by their courtesy.

I found both of these gentlemen charming in their manners and learned that both had been graduated from the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia. An elaborate luncheon was served for us in the private car and shortly thereafter, at 1:50 P.M. we reached Tokio. My disappointment in failing to meet these gentlemen on my recent tour was keen, indeed.

There was quite a large crowd waiting to greet me, for the story of my trip was in the local newspapers. "The Great Mikami," as I dubbed him, and Mr. Kinoshita, his associate, seated me in a luxurious touring automobile in which we drove

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to the Imperial Theater, which I was especially anxious to see, and thence to the general offices of the railroad. There I was courteously received by Dr. Tokonami, president of the road.

We later drove to the grounds of the Imperial Palace and to Hibaya Park, where I had a memorable ten-minute walk. I photographed beautiful fountains and trees and groups of schoolboys and schoolgirls. The latter were inclined to run away giggling, the universal language of girls.

Passing back toward the station we passed the Bank of Japan, the United States Embassy, the Foreign Office and Navy Department building, as we proceeded through the Ginza, Tokio's Broadway. The private car again was placed at our disposal and I arrived at Yokohama at 3:40 P.M. Here the Great Mikami, whom again I am pleased to salute these many years later, turned me over to Mr. Shaw of the Canadian Pacific. He escorted me to the Canadian Pacific offices, after which I sallied forth on my first rickshaw ride.

After sight-seeing and shopping, I boarded the *Empress of Russia* and at 6 o'clock had started on my ten-day trip across the Pacific. It was the same

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fine steamship, new then, on which I was again to cross the Pacific on my 1928 trip. We made the ten-day voyage without adventure.

On the night of August 1st, we were only 260 miles from Victoria, which meant we should reach quarantine by four in the morning and that I should arrive in New York twelve hours ahead of my schedule.

But the fog was so thick that we had to stop the engines entirely. We drifted until morning! What a night it was for me! I spent it in the wireless operating room exchanging messages with my friend, J. Pelleter, of Seattle, who was cruising in his yacht, *Maud F.*, off William Head in order to pick me up from the *Empress of Russia.*

Pelleter stuck to his quest and when we reached quarantine at one o'clock the next afternoon he took me instantly aboard the yacht and we headed full-steam for Seattle. It proved a lovely, sunshiny trip down Puget Sound. Forty miles from Seattle a hydroplane came in sight and circled over the yacht.

Its pilot, Christopherson, dropped a message to the deck. It was an invitation from the Seattle

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Post-Intelligencer that I make the final lap of my journey to Seattle by air. I told Pelleter that I'd like to do it and our engines were immediately stopped. The plane, landing on the water, maneuvered alongside. With men of the yacht's crew holding off the plane's wing to avoid damage in the moderate sea which was running, I climbed through wires and took my place on the wing, as indicated by the pilot, a rather precarious place as compared with the luxurious cabin of my Fairchild.

We flew over the boats on the Sound and headed for Seattle at sixty miles an hour.

The plane brought me to Pier No. 2 in almost no time, and I found a great crowd awaiting me. Hands stretched down to lift me up to the dock. The most exciting lap of my trip was ended, for this was my first air hop.

After being interviewed, photographed, and congratulated, some one told me, in order to be comforting I suppose, that the last man who had gone up with Christopherson had fallen out and was still in Puget Sound.

By this time the *Maud F.* had arrived with my baggage. With 193 telegrams of congratulations

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in my hands and pockets I was whisked to the railroad, where I boarded the North Coast Limited.

At last, I was on the home stretch. Success seemed assured. At every large station along the Northern Pacific, people were at the station to greet me, shake hands, and wish me luck. Indeed, at Missoula, Montana, a crowd had a brass band to blare me a welcome and insisted that I make a speech about my journey from the end of the train.

I gave a little talk with some trepidation, unaccustomed as I was to public oratory. After that I had to make a speech at nearly every stop, as the newspapers were publishing facts of my trip in advance of my arrival at towns along the route. By the time I reached St. Paul, I had all the assurance of an old-time political campaigner.

We arrived at St. Paul on the minute. More interviews, more photographs. Also a telegram from the Circumnavigators' Club, New York, announcing that I had been elected an honorary member of the organization and that a luncheon was to be given in my honor upon my return.

At the Northwestern Station in Chicago a messenger boy brought to me this telegram:

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MILWAUKEE WIS AUG 5 1913

MR JOHN HENRY MEARS
AROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY FIVE DAYS MAN
CARE NORTHWESTERN DEPOT
CHICAGO ILLS
HAVE READ ABOUT YOU IN THE PAPERS AND SAW YOU AT THE STATION TODAY AS YOU PASSED THROUGH HERE I SHOULD LIKE TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE I AM THIRTY ONE CONSIDERED GOOD LOOKING AND HAVE TWELVE THOUSAND DOLLARS HAVE HAD MANY OFFERS OF MARRIAGE BUT I WANT A MAN WHO DOES THINGS IF YOU ARE INTERESTED AND WANT TO MEET ME INSERT A PERSONAL IN THE MILWAUKEE SENTINEL ADDRESSED ANNIE IF YOU CANNOT COME TO MILWAUKEE I WILL COME TO NEW YORK·

(SIGNED) SINCERITY

It took a strong-minded man to resist that appeal.

After two hours in Chicago, I took the eleven o'clock train for Cleveland, where the New York Central had held No. 42 for my arrival on the following morning. For some reason our train had

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to be halted half a mile from the Cleveland Station, so I walked.

I left Cleveland fifty minutes late but upon arrival at Buffalo, we had made up the time. I arrived at Grand Central Station at 10:10 the night of August 6th. Despite a heavy rainstorm a large crowd, including many of my fellow Friars, welcomed me home. The first to clasp me by the hand and congratulate me was Mr. John Drew.

After this rousing reception I dashed through the station to a waiting automobile and with police ahead to clear the way for our procession of a dozen cars, we raced through Forty-second Street to Broadway and thence downtown to the *Sun* office where I arrived in just four minutes, so it is apparent that there was a goodly burst of speed on my last lap.

I had won my first race around the world, against all previous man-made records by my time of 35 days, 21 hours and 35 minutes.

I had far surpassed Jaegar-Schmidt's, the former record, by three days, twenty-two hours and seven minutes.

Among the many messages of congratulation I

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received was the following much-prized telegram from the then President of the United States.

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON D C
AUG 6 1913

JOHN HENRY MEARS
N Y SUN
I CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR INTERESTING ACHIEVEMENT
(SIGNED) WOODROW WILSON 1141 PM

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CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

AND now a word about Collyer and myself. My associate was probably a born globe-trotter. He came into the world at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1896, and he started to travel it two months later, when he was taken to Korea.

His father, the Rev. Dr. C. T. Collyer, an Englishman by birth and an American by naturalization, was engaged at the time in geographic research in Siberia and Korea. With his parents, young Collyer traveled back and forth between the United States and Korea in the course of the first twenty years of his life, attending school in both countries.

In 1916, at the age of twenty-one, after he had finished a four years' course in mining engineering at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, he went back to Korea and settled down, as he thought, to the life of a mining engineer. There then came, in 1917, the call of war. Collyer traveled half-way round the world and entered the United States Army Air

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Service. He learned quickly and was adept at flying. Being a well-educated young man of great self-reliance and having the quick reactions requisite for a successful pilot, he was soon a flying instructor himself.

Charlie, from all accounts, was as much of a natural-born pilot as he was globe-trotter. He certainly made good and his only regret, as he tells me, was that the Army people kept him on this side and out of the actual aërial combat areas in France. He remained in the Army Air Service until May, 1919, when he bought an interest in two barnstorming flying circuses. With these outfits he toured the country as a stunt flier for two years.

Following this, he joined the air mail service of the United States Postoffice, in which he was to have invaluable training and mettle-testing experience. Once more he was under the strict discipline of Uncle Sam, and he was called upon to display all his skill and pluck on many a hazardous flight between 1920 and 1923.

He was one of the first pilots to fly the New York to Cleveland route over the Alleghenies,

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which speaks volumes to any one who knows anything of the daily heroism of that job, especially in winter.

I might never have arrived in New York from our circumnavigation of the world on July 22, through that dreadfully dangerous blanket of fog and rain over the Allegheny Mountains, if Collyer had not been at the stick. Even Charlie, with all his knowledge of the route, as you will remember, was trapped in it for three hours.

While in the Air Mail, he set a record for the Cleveland-New York run, making it in two hours and eighteen minutes, or at the rate of 177 miles an hour! He also had experience in flying the Rocky Mountain and New York-Washington routes for the mail service.

Charles B. D. Collyer was the first American pilot to write with smoke against the sky. He attracted great attention throughout the United States when he first introduced skywriting as chief pilot for the Sky Writing Corporation of America.

In 1921, Collyer was one of the five executives of the International Air Races at Omaha. He is President of the Aviation Service Corporation of

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New York City, which is an aëronautical engineering, brokerage and exporting organization. Through this company he has been entrusted with special Government and private commissions to map out air lines, design airports and make aëronautical surveys.

One of Charlie Collyer's greatest aëronautical exhibitions was staged in 1926 when he flew a giant Sikorski plane loaded with two baby grand pianos and six passengers from New York to Washington, landing without mishap.

Collyer first became enthusiastic over aviation in 1916, when he made the acquaintance of the late Art Smith, renowned stunt flier, who was killed in the Air Mail Service in 1926. Smith happened to be in Korea when Collyer met him and Smith and the boy became fast friends.

Smith, who had been doing some fancy exhibition flying in Japan, fired Charlie's imagination with his embroidered descriptions of the thrills of aviation. Charlie wanted to learn to fly, and Smith promised to teach him. It was from that source that Charlie absorbed the rudiments of aviation. He has been prominent in the flying

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game virtually ever since. He is one of the founders of the Quiet Birdmen, the mystic order of past or present pilots, with headquarters in New York, which has entertained, and taken into its ranks, so many flying celebrities.

This slender biographical sketch of the nervy young man who flew me most of the way around the world would be incomplete if I failed to mention that he has gone in for aviation Big Business. Like Lindbergh and other American flying notables, some of whom have resigned their Army and Navy commissions to aid the coming great development of commercial aviation, Captain Collyer continues on his career of usefulness to his countrymen. He is a part of the flower of the young manhood of the land which furnishes the nation with its potential reserve for aërial defense by building up a competent air transport.

And now as to the diffident author:

There was nothing either in my antecedents or early career to foretell the rather novel trend of my later interests. My father, Timothy Mears, was engaged in the quite unexciting business of selling works of art in the conservative environ-

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ment of Boston. And Boston, in my boyhood days, was staid and conservative!

Like many other sons of conservative fathers, content to carry on in the peacefully dignified atmosphere of Boston, I was sent to the Phillips Grammar School and from there to the Boston Latin School where, at the end of a year, it was decided I was too slow in many particulars, including a marked apathy to the declension of Latin verbs.

Perhaps my inability, or disinclination to learn Latin was due to my greater interest in the theater in which I became an outstandingly able usher. In fact, with my Latin grammar under my arm, I would saunter slowly out of school and on turning the corner, break into a run for the Park Theater.

Thus it is that while I had the reputation of a somnambulist at school, I was a winged Mercury at the playhouse. I was invited to stay away from school.

My Jekyll and Hyde rôle peremptorily terminated for me, I concentrated on my job of becoming a better usher and was then and there made assistant treasurer.

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In 1898 I came to New York and got a job as office boy in the sanctum of the celebrated Augustin Daly, at Daly's Theater. I stayed there until Mr. Daly died in Paris in the spring of 1899, when I went to Chicago and got a place in the Powers Theater box-office, remaining there until 1908. From assistant treasurer, I became treasurer, and finally business manager of the house.

That great actor, Mr. John Drew, who died in the summer of 1927 at San Francisco, had taken a liking to me, and I became his manager. I was in delightful association with this charming personality until 1915.

I then went with Florenz Ziegfeld for three years as manager of the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic on the New Amsterdam Roof in New York City. After that I joined Morris Gest as manager of the Century Roof, where I remained three years. While there I collaborated in the writing of three revues with Joseph McCarthy, Harry Tierney, George Gershwin and Bud De Silva. I then started producing on my own. I bought my first show from Mr. Gest, "The Broadway Whirl," featuring Richard Carle, Blanche Ring, Charles Winninger,

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Bessie McCoy Davis, Frank Fay, Winona Winter and Jay Gould.

My next offering was Taylor Holmes in "Not So Fast," which was followed by the musical comedy "Marjolaine," with Peggy Wood. Then came the comedies, "Sweet Seventeen," "Judy Drops In," and "The Back-Slapper."

My last production, in 1927, was an adaptation, my musical version of "Judy Drops In," under the title "Judy," starring Queenie Smith and Charles Purcell. This ran all season in New York.

After that my negotiations with the Soviet Government and my other active preparations for my just completed 1928 trip around the world, necessitated my abandonment for the time being of theatrical enterprises.

It was in 1911, while I was Mr. Drew's manager, that André Jaegar-Schmidt made his trip around the world in 39 days by steamers and train. Mr. Drew and I read of it in the newspapers of course, and one night when we were chatting on current events of all sorts, which he loved to discuss, I remarked:

"Do you know, I believe I could beat the record

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of this chap Jaegar-Schmidt? I should like to try."

"Well, why in the world don't you, John? There's an idea! You could do it in the off-season, when we're not working. It doesn't seem right for any other than an American to have that record when we are considered so efficient and up-to-date. Why don't you look into the matter?"

I decided I would take a fling at it. The idea was very alluring to me. I wanted to undertake it in the summer of 1912 and made part of the preparations, but in April of that year there came the terrible disaster to the *Titanic* on her maiden voyage, which horrified the world.

As a result, the steamship companies, since at that time the ice patrol of the United States Coast Guard Service had not yet been organized, decided to put all the trans-Atlantic ships on the southern, or long course, for the sake of safety. I found that it would be futile to attempt to beat Jaegar-Schmidt's record under such conditions, and gave it over until the summer of 1913. With the details of this trip the reader is by now acquainted.

I had one regret on June 29, 1928, when I started on my twenty-three day journey. My daughter,

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POSTAL TELEGRAPH -CABLE COMPANY

PRESS TELEGRAM

106Nt 15 Government

The White House, Washington D.C.Aug 6

John Henry Mears,

N.Y.SUN.

I congratulate you on your interesting achievement.

Woodrow Wilson. 1141PM

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Elizabeth, a youthful actress, was not in New York to see me on my way. She had left New York on May 30 en route to fill an engagement at the Athenæum Theatre in Melbourne, Australia. I sent her a cablegram, however, when I left, and later I cabled her of my safe arrival in Tokio, and again when we returned to New York with the coveted record. I value her response:

"Great work, dad! Love and congratulations. I knew you would make it!"

And now my story is told. The stories of my 1913 trip and of my trip with Collyer in 1928, are safely tucked between the covers of a book. You now know all that I could learn of the career of my taciturn companion. The summary of my own career will reveal that globe-girdlers are not born—that they are accidents developed by the march of events.

There remain just a few observations to be spoken, observations based on an experience with which just a few of us have been favored.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

THE difference between my two records reflects the speeding up of the world in a period of fifteen years. In both instances I used the best available means to accomplish the desired result. In each case the journey served the useful purpose of concentrating the attention of men on the significance of improved communications.

Such a journey as the one I have just completed in twenty-three days emphasizes not only the scientific and mechanical wonders of our time, but it affords us a glimpse into the future of what our world may be even before the life span of the present generation is run.

In our busy, workaday lives, comparatively few of us are privileged to learn of the vast strides that the research men of American science are taking to the wonderment of the entire world. We are experiencing a renaissance of fact-finding about life and what it means.

The whole earth is groping toward a real Golden

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Age, when science shall so have conquered the economic requirements of the average individual, that there shall be peaceful leisure for all, without war, without poverty, and in the midst of physical and mental health. It is a noble goal the scientists have set.

Mr. Arthur Brisbane said, in commenting on the facts of my twenty-three-day journey, that one day man would be able to whirl around the world in twenty-four hours if he so desired.

I question that any one is in a position to dispute that prediction. It is a rash man to-day who pronounces anything impossible. And as Mr. Brisbane says, what man THINKS he can do, he CAN do. I have proved that, in a modest way, to my own satisfaction at least, and in the face of the disparagements and discouragements of those who thought they should dissuade me.

One of these days, and that day isn't far off, you will be sailing through the air and realizing that dream you have had, perhaps after eating mince pie, that you were floating lightly over trees, telegraph wires and roads. Perhaps you remember that delightful sensation.

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We are going to get it through the medium of the motorless glider, which in my estimation is going to help enormously in making our rising generation airminded. And I want to congratulate Mr. Edward S. Evans, of Detroit, former holder of the globe-girdling record, on his foundation of the Evans Glider Clubs of America. That organization has been formed largely through his efforts and he is its permanent honorary president.

Professor Alexander Klemin of New York University and of the Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aëronautics is first vice-president and Major Thomas G. Lanphier, lately resigned from his Army Air Corps command as leader of the First Pursuit Group of the Army's combat pilots at Selfridge Field, Michigan, is also a vice-president. Robert O. Lord is its treasurer, and the famous Eddie Rickenbacker, World War ace, is secretary.

Donald F. Walker is manager of the clubs, which are coöperating closely, I am informed, with J. C. Penny, Jr., and the German glider experts who were brought to this country to aid in developing the gliding art in this country. Member clubs are to be formed throughout the United States and

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Canada. The effect of these clubs on aviation, according to my observation, will be incalculable, once the types of gliders to be used are approved by the aëronautical division of the Department of Commerce as safe and airworthy.

It is gratifying to me that this new movement in America is sponsored by the National Aëronautical Association, which officially timed me on my trip around the world by airplane and steamship, and that it is being aided by the aëro magazines and the leading aircraft manufacturers.

Gliders are as much the first logical step in aviation as the harmonica is in instrumental music. Winners of annual glider contests in America should by all means be sent abroad to compete with the European champions. Perhaps in 1932, when the first Olympic games are held in the United States at Los Angeles, we may have glider contests added to the list of competitive sports.

Because of questions brought up by my trip, among them that of how my twenty-three-day mark for world travel may be lowered, I want to refer once more to the rigid dirigible airship, which I

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have already discussed with reference to swift, long-distance travel.

Although Germany and England are ahead of us to-day in actual construction in lighter-than-air craft, and the former country has had a long experience in operating them commercially, Americans should understand, as Captain Anton Heinen, now an American citizen, has graphically pointed out, that our American engineers have nothing to learn from Europe about airships.

Two great dirigibles are to be constructed for the United States Navy, and either of them will be capable easily of making my twenty-three-day record look silly; each will have a gas capacity of 6,500,000 cubic feet and a cruising radius which would permit continuous travel from the North Pole to the South Pole, or half-way around the world in one flight. It will not be surprising if one of these ships is sent around the world two or three years from now to demonstrate their speed and efficiency.

Captain Heinen believes, as does his friend and fellow aëronautical engineer, Commander Ralph D. Weyerbacher, C. C. U. S. N., that dirigibles will

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be the ultimate means of long-distance air travel, while the commercial utility of airplanes will be restricted to distances of perhaps 1,000 miles.

To quote Captain Heinen:

"The longer the flight the more certainly can the schedule of a big dirigible airship be maintained, because the elements, contrary and favoring, will balance themselves over a long period of flight. Airplanes are always subject to the reliability of their motors, for they must inevitably come down immediately their power is cut off.

"Airships, however, can hover in the air and remain safely aloft, though all their motors may be under repair simultaneously. The useful load of an airship, moreover, is infinitely greater than the useful carrying capacity of airplanes.

"Heavier-than-air machines will have a great utility in short, swift jumps, but the through trunk lines of the air in the future will be served by commercial airships.

"As soon as the Navy gave them an incentive, American engineers were able to do as good work as any airship engineers anywhere, and probably better. Europe, in spite of its long practical ex-

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perience, has nothing to teach Americans in regard to designing and building lighter-than-air ships.

"The German airship, the Graf Zeppelin, built especially for trans-oceanic service, represents the latest development in dirigible construction as proved by its remarkable flight across the Atlantic in face of adverse weather conditions.

"The British ship R-100 also contains a number of interesting and significant developments and is a distinct improvement over the past. Its final employment will be on a line between England and India. Its designer, Captain Burney, has made some notable contributions to the science of lighter-than-air engineering.

"But I believe the Americans who designed these ships, to be twice as large as the Los Angeles, have gone many strides past the European airships. They have exploded for all time the myth that there are mysterious things about airship design and construction and navigation that are known only to foreigners."

The Navy's two new airships, when completed at a cost of $8,000,000, will completely fill the enormous hangar of steel, concrete and glass at

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Lakehurst, N. J., "the largest room in the world," when placed within it side by side. There will only be about two feet of space between the hulls.

So Americans have reason to be proud from every standpoint of their efforts to diminish time and distance in transportation communications. We lead the world in automobiles, train service, radio, telegraphs, telephones, and in a prepared base for aërial supremacy, although in the latter field we have not reached yet our greatest development.

I am grateful that it has been my privilege to add something to American prestige for swift and efficient travel, for pointing a swifter road to progress for mankind generally. I do not plan to embark on another race, for such a race would be in competition with man—with him who had beaten my record. Only the advent of such transportation as would place me in reasonable competition with a hitherto unchallenged adversary will bring me back into the field. And that adversary circles the globe, literally putting Miss Luna in the shade. I have reference to that ancient 24-hour globe-girdling record holder, the sun.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

THE success of our trip was due, in no little manner, to the helpful coöperation we received from many sources.

I would like to thank the Honorable William P. MacCracken, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aëronautics, for arranging, through the Department of State, for permission for us to fly over France, Belgium, Germany, Poland, Latvia, Lithuania, China, Korea, Japan and Canada. I also wish to thank the Governments of these countries for the most cordial treatment they accorded us. Thanks must also be given to Honorable Frank B. Kellogg, Secretary of State, for the aid his department rendered in coöperating with the Department of Commerce.

As the United States has no diplomatic relations with the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics our officials at Washington could not help us obtain permission to fly over Russia and Siberia. This permission was gained through the Amtorg Trading

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Corporation, a Russian commercial company with offices at 165 Broadway, New York City. This company does a yearly business with the United States of one hundred and eighty million dollars. I received an introduction to Mr. Saul G. Bron, Chairman of the Board, of this company and he became most interested in our trip and assured me his company would be most glad to assist us in every way. He deputized Mr. O. Malychevitch to arrange all the details, including not only permission to fly over this vast domain, but also for the laying down of our supplies of gasoline and lubricating oil at our different landing points. This was all arranged for through the Osoaviachim, Russian Aviation Volunteers, previously referred to in the story of our flight. These arrangements required several months to perfect and many cables and much correspondence. I want to express my sincere appreciation to Mr. Bron, Mr. Malychevitch and the members of the Osoaviachim for their capable handling of so many details. When the far-flung fields of Siberia, to which our supplies needed to be transported, are considered, it is indeed proof of their efficient help that we always found everything we needed waiting for us.

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Mr. Kersey F. Coe, of the Standard Oil Company of New York, was most helpful in arranging for supplies in the Far East. It required much of his time during the year of our preliminary preparations for our adventure. To him we also owe much for obtaining information regarding flying conditions in China, Korea and Japan. We used Socony aviation gasoline on our hop from Mukden to Tokio and Standard Oil Company of California gasoline from Victoria to New York.

We had a contract with the Tide Water Oil Company to use their Veedol Oil at all points where they could furnish it. We found it waiting for us at Cherbourg and also at Berlin. At Moscow we could not obtain Veedol but found that the Osoaviachim had Mobile Oil for us. We found a supply of this at all stops on our 4,800-mile flight across Russia and Siberia. On our arrival at Mukden in Manchuria we again found Veedol waiting for us and used it on our hop to Tokio. We also used Veedol on our flight across the United States. The fact that our motor functioned perfectly on our entire trip is proof of the efficiency of both these lubricating oils.

Mr. Thomas F. Keresey, of the White Star Line,

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arranged for permission for us to carry our plane, "City of New York," on the deck of the *Olympic*, and for a lighter to meet the steamer on arrival at Cherbourg to take the plane ashore. This was the first time a trans-Atlantic steamer had ever carried a plane on deck. We are grateful to the White Star officials for their kindly interest in our trip.

Mr. H. B. Beaumont, General Steamship Passenger Agent, of the Canadian Pacific System, made similar arrangements for our trip across the Pacific from Yokohama to Victoria, B. C. Commander A. J. Hosken made a record run with the *Empress of Russia* to land us at Victoria on the evening of July 20th. The ship was not due until the following morning. This meant burning extra coal, tons of it, and we are under deep obligations to the entire Canadian Pacific System for their efficient aid.

Captain Collyer and I owe a good deal to Hubert Huntington of the Seaman's Institute of New York for the valuable time he gave in helping prepare the charts used in our trip. He and Collyer worked for several weeks on these. The fact that we hit every point we aimed at "right on the nose" is proof of his great work. Incidentally it was Huntington who coined the very apt term "Avigation"

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to scientifically designate aërial navigation. He simply dropped an "n" from the latter word to make it "Avigation." It will be noted that the term, quite happily, is most sound in its derivation. By the same token, if the maritime word mariner is good, I cannot see why "Airiner" is not equally fitting to the profession of sailing the skies. Mr. Huntington was presented with a watch on our return to New York as an expression of our appreciation, inscribed as follows:

> "Presented to Hubert Huntington by John Henry Mears and Charles B. D. Collyer for his aid in preparing the avigation charts used on their record trip around the world."

It is with a note of sadness that we offer our tribute to the memory of Maurice Titterington, inventor of the earth inductor compass, which functioned so perfectly and kept us so unerringly on our course. I know of no one who was more interested in the success of our venture than this great genius. He spent much time adjusting our instruments for us to make sure that they

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functioned perfectly. He also made a trip to Hartford to fly back with us to Curtiss Field in order to check them up. It was with real sorrow that we learned by radio on the *Empress of Russia,* that he had been killed when his plane crashed during one of his flights. His passing was a great loss to aviation as he had given much to it and would have given much more had he lived.

Okura and Company, one of Tokio's largest trading and banking houses, certainly proved friends to two weary and tired travelers on the night we arrived at the Tokio flying field. We were "all in" after our nerve-racking flight from Mukden. They took charge of our plane, hooked the tail on one of their trucks and had it towed to the Canadian Pacific dock at Yokohama. Next morning we found it nicely waiting to be hoisted to the deck of the *Empress of Russia.*

We can never forget the graciousness of Mrs. James J. Walker, wife of New York's Mayor, in making the trip to Curtiss Field to christen our plane "City of New York." She put quite a dent in the family reputation by arriving promptly at one o'clock, the appointed hour.

Harry A. Bruno and Richard R. Blythe, who

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have acted as public relations counselers for most of the big aviation events in this country, served us faithfully and well.

Dr. James H. Kimball and Mr. James H. Scarr of the United States Weather Bureau spent many hours with me in looking up weather data of the countries over which we flew. Our success was due largely to the valuable information furnished by these gentlemen for as the result of their research work we selected the month of July for our trip.

Colonel Benjamin F. Castle, Secretary of the National Aëronautical Association of Washington, who timed our take-off, and Carl F. Schory, Chairman of the contest committee of the same organization, who timed our arrival and finish, both made the trip from Washington in order to make our record official.

A word of thanks to Captain Harry Rogers, who got us off to a good start in his sturdy seaplane.

And last to our many friends and well wishers, whose messages bidding us Godspeed, I shall always treasure.

THE END

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